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THE SERGEANT DRILLING JULIUS. Page 54.

I WILL
BE A SOLDIER
BY MRS. L. C. TUTTILL



BOSTON
CROSBY & NICHOLS

I WILL BE A SOLDIER.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

BY

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

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I WILL BE A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHAN COUSIN.

"I SAY she did!"

"I say she did n't!"

"She did!"

"She did n't!"

"Katy did — Katy did n't! What are you disputing about so fiercely? You look as ferocious as two bull-dogs."

Ruth Roland, the last speaker, entered the room just as Thomas Roland and Julius Farley were thus contradicting each other.

Instead of replying to Ruth, Tom Roland, with his eyes starting from his head, and his face as red as a Bristol apple, lifted his arm to strike Julius.

"Coward!" exclaimed Ruth, quick as thought interposing her own fair arm, which received the blow from Tom's big fist.

"There now, Ruth, you deserve that for calling me coward, though I only meant to punish Jule for contradicting me," said Tom.

"Dear Ruth, how sorry I am you took that heavy blow intended for me," said Julius, drawing his hand tenderly over the smooth round arm; "I am afraid it is broken."

"Not quite," replied Ruth; "but tell me now what the dispute was about?"

"Tom insisted —" began Julius.

"Stop! let me tell," interrupted Tom. "I was sure you told me I might invite my friend Martin Hackerty to that poor little fool's birthday party to-morrow, and I said so, and he said you did not."

"Julius was right. I said no such thing. I don't like Martin Hackerty at all. He is not a suitable companion for either of you."

"Why not? You don't know anything about him, Ruth. It's only a silly prejudice of yours. Girls always take up just such foolish notions."

"Brother," replied Ruth, "Martin Hackerty uses profane language, and my dislike of him is no silly notion."

"Well, I've invited him, and I sha'n't take it back," muttered Tom, pouting his thick lips.

"You *must* take it back, if Julius wishes it," continued Ruth. "Shall Tom tell Martin the invitation was given through a mistake on Tom's part?"

"By no means; it would offend him mortally. He is very severe upon me already. Besides, if it will give Tom pleasure, let Martin come. See how red your arm is, Ruth," continued Julius; "it will be black and blue to-morrow."

"Never mind, it was in the cause of truth and the defence of the innocent," said Ruth smiling. That lovely smile! how it added a new charm to her sweet face!

"I suppose Jule will go and tell father that I struck you. It would be just like him," said that great lubberly boy, Tom Roland. A great lubberly boy he was, in very deed, fond of nothing but eating. Like the sailor's wife in Macbeth, he "mounched, and mounched, and mounched," from morning till night, and even went to sleep with candy between his teeth. Ruth was his sister, just sixteen, and Tom was two years younger. They were the children of Mr. Francis Roland, a civil engineer, and had been motherless since early childhood.

Ruth had lately returned from school, and was now the lady of the house. Julius Farley was an

orphan, the child of a beloved sister of Mr. Roland, whom the generous engineer had adopted as his own son. He had been about three months in the family of Mr. Roland, and was now just fourteen years old. A shade of melancholy lingered on his handsome features, and his dark gray eyes readily moistened, as though long accustomed to weeping. Yet there was a certain manliness of heart in Julius Farley, which was indicated by his fair large forehead and fine aquiline nose, with its inflated nostrils; the boy was bravely striving against the melancholy which under other circumstances might have become habitual.

CHAPTER II.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THE sixth of June. It was as bright and beautiful a morning as ever dawned upon a boy's birthday. Julius had obtained permission from his teacher to have a holiday.

Ruth and Julius were gathering strawberries for the evening party, and arranging flowers for the refreshment table.

"How sweet it is that roses and strawberries come together; they seem to be natural allies," said Julius. "The rose was my mother's favorite flower," he added, with a sigh.

"It is a general favorite," replied Ruth; "after we have enjoyed other more brilliant flowers for their novelty, we turn fondly to the rose, our first love. I like the lily of the valley almost as well as the rose. Hundreds and thousands of poems have been written on these two flowers, and I suppose thousands more will be written, for they seem the very genii of poetry."

"Now, Ruth, I suspect you write poetry yourself," said Julius inquiringly.

"I tried occasionally at school, for a composition, but I was so little satisfied with my efforts that I gave up *versifying*, and contented myself with writing plain prose. However, I enjoy genuine poetry."

"You ought to read Virgil. That's the poetry I like," exclaimed Julius with genuine enthusiasm. Thus in pleasant chat and pleasant occupation the cousins passed the hours till noon.

Meantime Tom, not having had permission to be absent from school, absented himself without permission, and went strolling beside a brook, digging and eating *calamus* (flag-root), and the few wild strawberries just beginning to ripen. Sauntering and maundering, he passed a very dull morning, and at last threw himself down under a tree and fell fast asleep.

At the usual hour for dinner, no Tom appeared. This was surprising; for, of all times in the day, Tom was least likely to be absent at dinner-time. When three o'clock struck, he had not appeared, and Ruth, fearing some accident had happened to her brother, sent a servant to the school, two miles off, to inquire for Master Tom

The message returned was, that Master Tom had played truant.

A wide and beautiful lawn in front of the spacious mansion of Mr. Roland reached down with a gentle slope to the noble river Hudson. Large elm-trees on one side of the lawn formed an avenue, with the branches meeting overhead, like those of the far-famed "City of Elms." Oak, locust, chestnut, and other magnificent shade trees, were scattered over the lawn, leaving openings through which might be seen the river, with white sails gliding like giant birds upon its sparkling waves, or a huge steamer plodding on, with a still more rapid advance.

Upon the rural seats about the lawn were balls, battledoors, and small balloons, for the amusement of the dozen boys who were to celebrate the fourteenth birthday of Julius Farley.

They were already gathering on the lawn when Tom made his appearance in the dining-room, clamorous for his dinner.

"O brother, where have you been! You are a complete fright!" exclaimed Ruth.

And sure enough, he was a fright, for the mosquitoes, being as fond of good things as Tom him-

self, had been feasting on his fat face, and left it covered with blotches.

Tom was miserably out of humor, yet he ate his dinner with his usual ravenous appetite, complaining bitterly, however, because it was "stone cold."

‘ O’erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.”

Meantime the boys were enjoying themselves upon the lawn according to their several fancies. Among them was Martin Hackerty, much wondering what had become of his friend Thomas Roland.

With difficulty had Ruth persuaded Tom to change his soiled dress and join the merry revellers upon the lawn.

As soon as he appeared among them, looking sulky, and as sour as a crab-apple, the boys shouted, "Hurrah! here comes the truant!"

Martin hurried forward to meet Tom, but instantly drew back with a look of horror, exclaiming, "You've got the measles, or the small-pox, and I never had either of them."

"The mosquitoes bit me while I was asleep by the brook," dolorously replied Tom.

"Yet you preferred their company, this morning,

to our good friends, Cicero, Virgil, and Daboll,"* said Martin Hackerty, with a loud laugh, in which the other boys joined right heartily.

Tom turned and fled into the house, there to sulk it out by himself, while the boys went on with their sports without caring for his absence.

When they adjourned from the lawn to the refreshment-table, Tom was on hand, and devoured as much ice-cream and as many strawberries as though he had not chewed calamus by the brook-side, and lately eaten a hearty dinner; indeed, no three boys of the company would have been a match for Tom in this his specialty, cramming.

When the boys left the table, they were shown to the parlor where they were to pass the evening.

"I am going to ask Cousin Ruth to come in and preside," said Julius.

"I don't want Ruth; we can have more fun without a girl; can't we Martin?" cried Tom.

"I suppose so. We may want to have some jokes that we would n't have before Ruth Roland," replied Martin, thrusting his tongue into one cheek and giving Tom a knowing wink.

"But it is my party," said Julius decidedly, "and

* Daboll's Arithmetic was then in use.

I shall ask Ruth to join us, if the rest of the boys have no objections. She is a capital hand at games. What do you say, boys? I'll put it to vote. All who wish for Miss Ruth Roland's company say, Ay."

There was a loud shout of "Ay!" "Ay!" "Those opposed say, No."

A single "No" from Tom was the response. His friend and ally, Martin, had deserted him. He loved popularity too well not to go with the majority; besides, he wanted to know what were the games at which Ruth was a "capital hand." So Julius led in Ruth in the most gallant style, and placed her at a large table in the centre of the room.

The boys bowed and scraped, awkwardly or gracefully according to their ability, proud to have so beautiful a young lady among them; for, though only two years older than most of them, Ruth seemed a splendid young lady.

"I am requested by Julius," said Ruth, taking a seat at the head of the table, — "I am requested to ask if you would like to play 'Favorites'?"

The game was new to them all, and they asked for explanation.

"I will write a set of questions, which each of you

will answer on the bit of paper Julius will hand you," said Ruth. She wrote a few moments, and then read out the following questions:—

1st. Who is your favorite hero in history?

2d. Who is your favorite heroine in history?

3d. What is your favorite study?

4th. What is your favorite amusement?

5th. What is your favorite instrument of music?

6th. What is your favorite piece of poetry?

"Write the answers on the bits of paper, then roll them up and put them in this vase. You are not to let each other know what you write, and the amusement will be in guessing the authors. Whenever all of you are of the same opinion with regard to the authorship,—that is, when there is a unanimous vote,—the author must confess; otherwise he may keep the secret. I shall write answers to the questions myself, and place mine with the rest."

There was now a great demand for pencils and pens, much whispering among the boys, and then a dead silence for many minutes.

By degrees the vase received all the answers, and Julius begged Ruth to read them aloud.

1. Favorite hero in history, — Washington.

2. Favorite heroine, — Joan of Arc.

3. Favorite study, — Astronomy.
4. Favorite amusement, — Chess.
5. Favorite instrument of music, — Violin.
6. Favorite piece of poetry, — Mrs. Hemans's
"Pilgrim Fathers."

"That's yours, Ruth," exclaimed Julius.

"Yes indeed, there's no doubt of that," responded Martin Hackerty, and all the others chimed in, "Miss Ruth Roland."

"Is it a unanimous vote?" demanded Ruth, coloring rosy-red.

"It is, it is," shouted every one.

Ruth had accidentally drawn her own first, and was obliged to confess it.

Several others were read, and were ascribed to various individuals, and the authors were not obliged to acknowledge their answers.

Ruth then read the following:—

1. HERO.

Well, for my hero,
I choose old Nero.

"Why that's a dog, our porter's dog," cried Tom.

"I suppose the author meant the Roman Emperor Nero; — don't interrupt the reading, Tom," said Ruth, and continued:—

2. HEROINE.

And for my shero, I choose
Dear old Mother Goose,
Of whose learned lore
I have a mighty store.

3. STUDY.

The study is not in my books, —
How to put worms on my hooks.

4. AMUSEMENT.

To make silly girls giggle,
And the sober boys wriggle.

5. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

High diddle diddle,
A corn-stalk fiddle.

6. POEM.

For a friend's sake I choose a poem,
His own sweet character to show him.

“ Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a whole rich Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, What a big boy am I!”

Provoked at this sheer nonsense, Ruth read it through without a smile; then there was a burst of laughter from the boys, and a general shout, “ Martin Hackerty! Martin Hackerty!”

"I *guess* Thomas Roland wrote the miserable doggerel," said Martin very gravely, "therefore it is not a unanimous vote, and *he* is not obliged to confess."

"You wrote it yourself, Martin, and you meant to make fun of me, you know you did!" angrily exclaimed Tom.

"Will Miss Ruth please to read on?" calmly demanded Martin.

Several others were not guessed, and then she came to the last.

1. Favorite hero, — David.
2. Favorite heroine, — Ruth.
3. Favorite study, — Mathematics.
4. Favorite amusement, — Skating.
5. Favorite musical instrument, — the Bugle.
6. Favorite poem, — "The Battle of Ivry," by Macaulay.

Various were the conjectures about the authorship; but Martin turned to Julius and asked, "Who did you mean by David?"

Julius, forgetful that he was not obliged to confess, replied, "David the shepherd, the poet, the warrior, the king of Israel."

"O the giant-killer," retorted Martin, scornfully. "Who would have thought of going to the Bible for a hero!"

"I don't know where you could find greater heroes," replied Julius, calmly and decidedly.

"But you take your heroine from among the living," continued Martin, casting a significant glance at Ruth Roland.

"No; the hero suggested the heroine. I chose her from the same source," replied Julius, not daunted by Martin's impertinence.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Martin contemptuously; "I don't remember any one of that name in the old book; it seems you are more familiar with it than with any other book, though you profess to have read *Cæsar* and *Cicero*."

There was a half-suppressed giggle among the boys. Ruth, observing the usually pale face of Julius deeply flushed, was about to come to his aid. Before she had decided what to say, the boy, before whose mind's eye had passed a vision of his sainted mother, asked himself why he should be ashamed to acknowledge the truth, and then spoke out frankly and fearlessly, yet with a moistened eye and a voice full of feeling: "Thanks to my mother, I have read the Bible more than any other book, and like it better, for its poetry, its history, and its narratives, than any other book," — and his voice fell to a deep, low

tone as he added, "and for other reasons that I might mention."

"Then I suppose Mr. Julius Farley is what they call a Bible Christian," retorted Martin, with a sneer.

Again the memory of his beloved mother's teaching and example came to his aid, and he replied, with touching earnestness, "Would to God I deserved that best of all names!"

There was no reply from Martin; even his bold impertinence was quelled, and a thrill of tender sympathy passed through the group of boys, and sincere admiration for the manly courage of their youthful companion.

Tears were in the eyes of Ruth as she rose from the table and went to the piano.

She played one of Beethoven's symphonies, and then, to enliven the party, she gave them several spirited airs, and left them to amuse themselves for the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER III.

A FLOGGING.

AFTER an absence of several weeks, Mr. Roland returned home, the very day succeeding the birthday party.

At the dinner-table, as Ruth was extending her arm to pass something to Tom, Mr. Roland exclaimed, "My daughter! What ails your arm! It seems to be shockingly bruised."

No one answered.

"Tell me, how did it happen?" he continued, imperatively.

Ruth looked eagerly at Tom, hoping he would acknowledge that it was his fault. She looked in vain.

"Ruth, tell me how it happened."

"Please excuse me, father," pleaded Ruth, unwilling that her brother should be punished.

Mr. Roland turned his eyes upon Tom, who sat trembling from head to foot, and said, "You are the guilty one, Tom; confess immediately."

Thus urged, Tom muttered, "I happened to hit Ruth."

"I shall get nothing out of you, Tom; tell me how it *happened*, Ruth."

"I am ashamed of you, Tom," she said. "Why don't you say you were about to strike Julius, and I prevented it?"

"Strike my sister's son!" exclaimed Mr. Roland, laying down knife and fork, and giving Tom a look that might have made a stouter heart quail; "strike my sister's son! an orphan, under my protection."

"He contradicted me," muttered Tom.

Ruth explained the matter clearly and fairly.

"So, then, you told a lie to begin with, and persisted in it. Come with me to the library."

"I have n't done my dinner," whimpered the young glutton.

"Come along; I am disgusted with you," said Mr. Roland, rising from table.

"Please, sir, to remember that I contradicted Tom very warmly, and therefore it was partly my fault," suggested Julius.

"You need not try to excuse Tom; you were right in denying what you knew to be false. Come along, you bad boy." So saying, Mr. Roland took

Tom by the arm and hurried him away to the library, and turned the key.

Taking a rattan in his hand, he said, "Lying is both wicked and mean. A Christian will not lie, neither will a man of honor. Even heathen Persians punished their children for lying."

One, two, three, four, five strokes came smartly on the back and shoulders of Tom, slightly protected as they were by a linen jacket.

Tom roared and kicked and struggled in vain; he was held by a firm hand. "You attempted to strike your cousin, an orphan boy, without brother or sister, — beloved for his mother's sake and his own. Take five more for that."

Again came the blows from the rattan. "You are no Spartan! How you yell! Take five more for choosing for your friend such a fellow as Martin Hackerty."

Fiercer than ever came the blows, and Tom's shrieks were redoubled.

"There, you have had but fifteen strokes, when you richly deserve double the number. Sorry am I that whipping is the only punishment that meets the case. Shame that a boy of fourteen should require corporal punishment. Now stay where you

are till you are ready to ask forgiveness of Ruth and Julius."

"Ain't I going to have the rest of my dinner?" blubbered out Tom.

"Detestable!" exclaimed the father, as he closed the door, turned the key, and put it in his pocket.

Mr. Roland had been but little with his son, having left him to the care of a weak, indulgent nurse, who pampered and spoiled him.

"I am paying dearly for my neglect of this boy," thought he, as he returned to Ruth and Julius, who were still waiting for him at table with grave and sad countenances. Mr. Roland assumed a cheerful manner, made no allusion to what had happened, and endeavored to devote himself to the unfinished meal, but he had entirely lost his appetite.

As he left the table, he said, "I have the key of the library in my pocket. Tom must be left to solitary confinement."

Meantime, Tom, smarting under the heavy blows, threw himself upon a sofa, and cried himself to sleep.

A large bay-window on one side of the library opened upon the lawn. Mr. Roland had not observed that one side of this window was freely admitting the summer air, redolent of June roses. An-

other, however, had observed it, and been drawn towards the window by the shrieks which issued from it. A stealthy step stole towards the sleeping boy, and a hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was his evil genius, Martin Hackerty.

"Come, Tom," said he, "don't be napping it here this glorious afternoon. A lot of us are going into Uncle Moses's strawberry-beds."

The very name of the delicious fruit was enough to arouse Tom. He started up, saying, "I should like to go with you."

"Come along then, quick."

"But I can't get my hat; the library door is locked," replied Tom, dolefully.

"Never mind. There's your father's smoking-cap, wear that."

"I'm afraid he'll catch me with it on," replied Tom hesitatingly.

"No, indeed, he wont; I saw the old governor going down to the river with his prim pet, Jule. Come, let's be off."

So saying, Martin placed the cap on Tom's head, and, taking the arm of the half-reluctant boy, led him away.

CHAPTER IV.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

"JULIUS, we will go down to the river this afternoon. I will teach you to swim," said Mr. Roland.

"You need all kinds of athletic exercises, for your mind has outgrown your body. You are mentally very mature."

"Perhaps I am stronger, uncle, than you think I am. I have always been fond of boys' plays, and have been much in the open air. I never have learned to swim, though, and should be right glad to have you teach me."

"I have an excellent life-preserver, with which you shall make your first attempt; a complete cork-jacket, that would bear up a heavy man and your light body into the bargain."

One of those beautiful bays that adorn the noble Hudson spread out just below Elmlawn, Mr. Roland's place, and the water, by continual dashing on one side of this bay, had formed a smooth, pebbly

beach. It was about three quarters of a mile from the house. A small wharf was built out into the river to facilitate a landing from boats.

Mr. Roland and Julius put on their bathing-clothes at a small bathing-house by the river-side, and the cork-jacket was firmly fastened upon Julius.

From the wharf they were to jump into the river.

"Don't be afraid, Julius; plunge in," said Mr. Roland, setting the example.

Julius did as directed; went plump into and under the water, but instantly rose to the surface.

"Now imagine you are a turtle, and put out your paddles; you understand it is the resistance of the water to your hands and feet that forces you along, just as the oars make the boat move."

Julius did exactly as he was directed.

"Why, boy, you 'll make a first-rate swimmer; soon you can try without the life-preserver."

They remained in the water about half an hour, and then made for the beach, Mr. Roland complaining that he felt chilly, and had been in long enough.

They were already in shallow water, when Mr. Roland suddenly went under, but immediately rose again, making a desperate struggle to sustain himself.

Julius seized him by the wrist, and with a tremendous effort drew him ashore. There lay his kind uncle, apparently lifeless. Julius ran to the bathing-house, and brought out a blanket and a number of towels. While running, he shrieked for help, but no one came.

He covered the cold body with the blanket, and rubbed it vigorously with the towels. After what seemed to Julius an age, but was not really more than a quarter of an hour, Mr. Roland opened his eyes and faintly smiled. Julius continued to rub him with all his might.

At length he said, "That will do, Julius; I can walk to the bathing-house now."

With some effort, aided by Julius, he rose from the beach, and leaning on the form that he had considered so "slight," reached the bathing-house.

"It is marvellous how you got me ashore, my boy; I thought my death-hour had come. I had a sudden cramp, and was utterly powerless. You have saved my life. I thank you a thousand thousand times."

"Thank God, my dear uncle," whispered Julius, solemnly.

When Mr. Roland was dressed, Julius proposed to run for the carriage.

"What, in your cork-jacket?" replied Mr. Roland, laughing, for as yet Julius had not thought of himself.

"Yes; if you are in haste, I can go with my bathing-dress, for it really is quite dry."

"No, no; change your dress, my dear boy."

While Julius was gone for the carriage, Mr. Roland reflected upon what had passed that day, and sighed deeply when he thought what might have been the consequence if Tom had been with him instead of Julius, for he would not have had the courage and presence of mind that had been the means, under God, of saving his life. Soon Julius returned with Ruth in the carriage.

"Here, father, take some wine; I brought a bottle, for Julius advised it," said she, taking a wine-glass from her pocket and filling it.

"Take it first yourself, Julius; I am sure you need it," said Mr. Roland.

"Thank you, I never take wine; you need it, and I do not."

Mr. Roland was about to inquire for Tom, but he remembered that he had the key of the library in his pocket, and supposed he was still there.

On entering the house, he went immediately to

the library, his feelings softened and his mind solemnized by his recent escape from a watery grave.

He unlocked the door, and entered. No Tom there! The bay-window was open; he stepped to it, and called, "Thomas, my son," in the most gentle, affectionate tone. No answer.

The father was unusually nervous, and feared he had driven his son by his severity to some desperate act.

Ruth came to relieve his anxiety.

"Father, one of the servants saw Tom going towards the village with Martin Hackerty."

"Martin Hackerty," exclaimed Mr. Roland, with a sad shake of the head.

CHAPTER V.

MY BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"The trees were leaning on the west,
Like watchers of the golden sky,"

while rosy clouds were floating in the east, on that soft summer evening. But neither the glorious sunset sky nor the emerald greenness of "leafy June" were noticed by Tom, as he stealthily crept along the elm avenue to the library window. It was fastened; he must go to the door. He stole around to the kitchen.

Old Chloe, the colored cook, had been in the family many years, and was a despot in her own domain. She sat by the wide chimney, smoking her evening pipe.

Tom tucked his father's cap under his jacket, and said, in a humble tone, "Chloe, I want you to give me some cake or pie."

"What you got under your jacket? You look as if you'd been robbing a hen-roost; — I don't know

but you have. Go 'way, naughty boy ; I heard you squeal like a stuck pig in the library."

"I'm hungry," said Tom.

"Never saw the time you was n't. It's your lookout to be here at tea-time. Clear out of my kitchen."

Thus coarsely repulsed, Tom made his way round to the western door. There was a veranda on this side of the house, and there sat Mr. Roland, Ruth, and Julius, quietly enjoying the peaceful close of an eventful day. Suddenly Tom came in sight.

The father, glad to see his son alive and well, exclaimed, "Ah, Tom, is that you?"

What a poor creature a sneak is ! Tom was one at that moment, and, though he had very little sensibility, he felt ashamed of himself.

"Come here, Thomas, my boy," continued Mr. Roland, kindly ; "come and sit with us."

This salutation was quite unexpected. Tom stumbled up the steps, and as he reached the platform dropped the smoking-cap.

"Ah ! my gay smoking-cap ! Ruth's handiwork ! I have heard of stepping into other people's shoes, but you have come under another's head-gear. Who knows how soon you may have to step into your

father's place? Here is a chair, Tom; take it, and sit with us. I will not question you to-night about your doings since we saw you last. We were speaking of the game of 'Favorites.' I should like to join with you when you play it again. That led us to speak of other *favorites*, and Julius has just repeated one of his, — Macaulay's Horatius, who kept the Bridge. Come, my daughter, recite something patriotic for us; something about our own country."

Ruth hesitated a moment, then remarked, "I cannot say it is one of my *favorites*, but such as it is, I will repeat it."

With her eyes cast down and a deepening rose upon her cheeks, she recited the following lines: —

MY BEAUTIFUL LAND.

From Maine, with her rocks and her forests of pines,
To Florida's glades, or lone Texas' green strand, —
From Jersey's bright fields to far Oregon's coast,
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

Our glorious rivers are full-flowing veins,
A framework of bones our strong mountains must stand;
What power can sever this whole living thing!
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

What profits the heart, if the head be cut off?
Alas for the head when it loses its hand!

Each State is a member too precious to spare, —
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

Then onward together be ever our course
Along the bright pathway our Maker has planned;
So honor and blessing and gladness be thine,
E pluribus unum, my beautiful land!

“Three cheers for Ruth! It’s her own! it’s her own!” exclaimed Julius, clapping his hands.

“I don’t believe you wrote it,” said Tom. “Did you?”

“Now tell the truth, my precious Ruth,” exclaimed Mr. Roland.

“The vote is not unanimous; so, according to our game, I am not obliged to confess,” replied Ruth, laughingly.

“I give in, and hold up my hand for you,” said Tom. “Is it yours?”

“Then I must acknowledge the authorship,” was Ruth’s reply.

“Come, Tom,” said Mr. Roland, “it is your turn to recite something. Speak up boldly; what will you give us?”

“I don’t remember anything,” was the reply.

“You have learned Casabianca,” suggested Julius.

“I don’t like it,” blurted out Tom.

"Not like Casabianca," exclaimed Julius; "I thought everybody admired that brave, noble boy."

"I only learnt it by rote, to say at school, and have forgotten every word of it. May n't I go and get my supper."

"Yes; go as quickly as you please. By the way, who did you name last night for your favorite hero?" asked Mr. Roland.

"Hegobbleus, I believe, was the name," said Tom.

"Hegobbleus! what does he mean, Ruth?"

"I remember Heliogabalus, the Roman Emperor, was given on one of the papers," answered Ruth.

"Martin Hackerty gave me the name," said Tom.

"I could not think of any hero myself."

"Go to bed, Tom; I am ashamed of you."

Ruth, compassionating her brother, whispered, "I will go with you, Tom, and see to your supper."

For many minutes after the brother and sister left the veranda there was a dead silence. At length Mr. Roland said, "I shall take Tom to a boarding-school next Monday. That Martin Hackerty is a pest, a moral poison. Will you too go to the distant school?"

"If it is your wish, sir," replied Julius.

"Take your choice freely."

"Then I should prefer to remain with Ruth. Her manners and conversation are a great advantage to me."

"Beware of that Martin Hackerty," added Mr. Roland.

"He is mischievous, and tries to be witty," replied Julius; "but he has one good trait; he tells the truth."

"You have good principles, Julius, but it is well to be on your guard against temptation. I believe you inherit your blessed mother's piety."

"I think, sir, piety does not come by inheritance. I am constantly struggling against sin; but I remember my mother's dying prayer for me, and trust it may be answered."

"I never shall forget how solemnly she committed you to my charge, and how solemnly I accepted that charge, with my hand upon the Holy Book," said Mr. Roland.

CHAPTER VI.

SERGEANT MOSES.

THE next morning, at the breakfast-table, the waiter handed a note to Mr. Roland. He read it, frowned, looked puzzled, and at length said, "Here is a bill from one Moses Mullerkin for four quarts of strawberries, — twenty-five cents per quart; one dollar."

"I did n't eat four quarts, and I did n't know they were to be paid for," cried Tom.

"Four quarts of strawberries! You have a capacious stomach, Thomas Roland. I suppose that was the spree you were on yesterday, with your *friend* Martin."

"I went with him and three other boys; Martin said we had permission from Moses."

"Who is Moses Mullerkin?"

"I don't know; only he sells fruit and flowers. He lives a quarter of a mile off the main road."

"Here, Julius, take this dollar and pay the man, — Tom will go with you," said Mr. Roland, handing the money to Julius.

"Can't he go without me? I am afraid of the dog."

"So you would have Julius go alone where you have not the courage to go yourself, even with him? Don't make yourself utterly contemptible."

Tom followed Julius laggingly out of the house.

The boys walked on in silence, Julius admiring the wild-flowers by the road-side and the birds flitting from branch to branch

As for Tom,

"A primrose by the river's brim

A yellow primrose was to him, —

And it was nothing more."

Julius never *lectured* Tom. He was two months younger than his burly cousin, and very wisely gave him, unconsciously, the best possible *lecture*, namely, a good example. Moreover, he never by word or look expressed contempt for Tom, though he must have felt it at the bottom of his heart.

After a walk of two miles, they turned from the main road, and in a short time reached the garden-er's cottage; a few rose-bushes and a wide border of lilies of the valley were in front; the garden was behind the cottage.

Sitting upon the door-step was a little girl, apparently about eight years old, simply but neatly dressed,

and almost as fair as the lilies in her hand, whose fragrance she was inhaling. By her side was a small brown and white dog with a collar, to which a long string was attached, which she held in the other hand.

"Is Mr. Moses Mullerkin at home?" inquired Julius.

The child answered, without turning her large, dark eyes towards the speaker.

"That means my grandfather; he's in the garden; but you must call him *Sergeant* Moses," answered the child.

Through a side gate the boys passed to the gardens, filled with a profusion of fruit and flowers. Seeing the gardener's large dog, Tom hid himself behind some tall lilac-bushes.

An old man, with hair snowy white, dressed in an old military coat and gray pantaloons, was hoeing among the raspberry-bushes, with the hoe in one hand.

"*Sergeant* Moses," said Julius, "I've come to pay you for the four quarts of strawberries charged in this bill to Mr. Francis Roland."

"Don't play your mischievous tricks on me; I am a poor old soldier, trying to be an honest man. Mr. Roland never had any strawberries of me."

"It was his son who ate the strawberries yesterday, and I am to pay for them," said Julius.

Sergeant Moses put on a huge pair of spectacles, and as he did so Julius observed that he had but one hand.

"I never wrote this bill," said he. "I told Martin he might come here, with two or three boys, and eat strawberries, as many as they chose. I did not expect them to tread down the vines as they did."

"Then take the money for the damage done to the vines, please do," said Julius, offering the bright silver dollar.

"No, no; Sergeant Moses is not the man to do that thing. You are a very civil-spoken lad. What may I call you?"

"Julius Farley."

"Well, good by. Call again."

"I should like to come again. Good by, Sergeant."

The old man shouldered his hoe like a musket, and was following Julius to the gate, when Tom emerged from his hiding-place. The big dog began to growl, and Tom made off at a rapid rate.

"Ah! that's the youngster who threw a stone at Bowzer yesterday. See how the poor dog limps! That fellow had better keep out of the way."

As Julius passed near the little girl on the doorstep, he said, "Good morning," to her, and she returned it, still without looking at him.

The old man whispered in Julius's ear, "The poor dear is entirely blind."

Julius bowed, said "Farewell," and the soldier gave him a salute in military style.

Tom ran till he reached the main road, and then waited for Julius to come up with him.

"That's a fine old fellow; he would n't take the dollar, and says he never made out the bill."

"Then give me the dollar," cried Tom.

"No, indeed; I shall not; I shall return it to your father," replied Julius, decidedly.

"You shall give it to me, or I will take it from you."

"You can't do it."

Tom seized Julius by the shoulder to throw him down, but quick as thought Julius clasped him round the waist, and laid him flat upon the ground.

"Well done!" cried Martin Hackerty, as he jumped over a fence into the road.

"That was n't fair," grumbled Tom, brushing off the dust.

"Then try it again, Tom," said Martin.

Thus urged, Tom flew at Julius, and endeavored to trip him up, but Julius was a wiry little fellow, with a great deal of nerve, and it was not so easy a matter. After a severe struggle, fat Tom again lay sprawling on the ground.

“Capital!” shouted Martin; “I did n’t think you were up to that, Master Julius. In time you will equal your great namesake, Julius Cæsar.”

“I had to defend myself,” replied Julius, coolly. “I never attack a fellow.”

Tom got up, looking very sheepish, and went lagging along behind the others.

“Where have you been?” asked Martin.

“We went to pay a bill to one Moses Mullerkin, and the good old man did not send it.”

A mischievous grin and a shrug of the shoulders from Martin revealed to Julius the writer of the bill.

“What tempted you to write this?” exclaimed he, showing the bill.

Martin snatched it from his hand, and tore it to pieces, saying, “It was just for fun,” then added, “Tom really went into the strawberries so beyond all reason that it was no more than right that Sergeant Moses should be paid.”

“It was a poor joke, — a very poor joke,” coolly remarked Julius. “I thought you prided yourself upon speaking the truth.”

“I don’t lie; it’s too mean; did n’t I acknowledge the corn?” laughingly asked Martin.

“ You mean that you acknowledge the *bill*. Martin, you were acting a lie in making out the bill, and almost committing forgery.”

“ You treat the matter too gravely ; I did n’t sign the old fellow’s name, and did n’t suppose it would be given to Mr. Roland. I sent it to Tom, just to frighten him.”

“ It came quite too near lying and forgery. I should soon lose all respect for you, Martin, if you were to repeat such *jokes*.”

“ Then you have the least bit of respect for me ! I will make it grow as tall as Jack’s bean,” said Martin, giving Julius a slap on the back, and adding, “ You are a right smart fellow, Julius ; I have *real* respect for *you*, and no mistake.”

When Julius returned the dollar to Mr. Roland, and explained the matter, it was considered even more serious by him than it had been by Julius. Exceedingly provoked with Martin Hackerty, he wrote him a very sharp letter, to which he received the following reply :—

FRANCIS ROLAND, Esq. :—

RESPECTED SIR,—Allow me to recommend to your attention two proverbs. “ People whose sons

live in glass houses should not throw stones." "Every crow thinks his own crowling the whitest."

Very respectfully yours,

MARTIN HACKERTY.

Mr. Roland put the saucy note in his pocket very quietly.

"Ruth," said he, "you must have Tom's wardrobe ready, for I shall leave with him on Monday morning."

CHAPTER VII.

BLACK DUKE.

ON Saturday morning Mr. Roland asked Julius if he had been accustomed to riding on horseback. He said he had never been on a horse but twice in his life.

"You shall try Black Duke to-day, and I will ride one of the carriage-horses," said Mr. Roland.

"O father! your horse is so gay, and he has not been ridden for a long time; please let Julius take my pony," entreated Ruth.

"No, my dear; Julius must learn to manage Black Duke, so that he can be your escort when I am away," was the decided reply.

"I am not afraid to ride Black Duke, especially when uncle will be with me," said Julius.

"He ran away with me once, and I have never been on horseback since," whispered Tom in Julius's ear.

"I will have the horse saddled immediately. I

am going about six miles from home. Make yourself ready, Julius."

The large, strong Black Duke, with his neck curved like the war-horse who "scents the battle afar," was brought to the door. Mr. Roland instructed Julius how to mount, how to sit, and they started off together on a full trot.

Ruth looked after them with fear and trembling; but there was no fear and trembling on the part of Julius. He sat erect upon Black Duke, and rode like an Arab.

"Why, you are a brave little fellow," said Mr. Roland. "You must ride very often with Ruth, and without her, too. But never be tempted to ride in company with that Martin Hackerty; he would be sure to play you some shabby trick."

Notwithstanding the fear and anxiety of Ruth, Mr. Roland and Julius returned safely from their long ride; but Julius was very glad to go to bed immediately after tea, for, although he did not utter a word of complaint, he was very tired, and ached from head to heel. On Sunday morning, as he dressed himself, he felt stiff and sore as though every muscle in his body had been pounded with a rolling-pin. His good uncle could scarcely suppress a smile as

Julius moved slowly and carefully about, but he made no remark, asked no questions. He thought, however, "That boy would have done honor to the Lacedæmonians. The stolen fox might have torn him to pieces before he would have betrayed it."

Better still, Julius might have equalled in courage the boy of whom Browning so beautifully tells the story.

"You know we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day:
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the proud brow
Oppressive with its mind.

"Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall';
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

"Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy:

You hardly could suspect, —

So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through, —

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

“ ‘ Well,’ cried he, ‘ Emperor! by God’s grace

We ’ve got you Ratisbon!

The Marshal’s in the market-place,

And you ’ll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart’s desire,

Perched him!’ The chief’s eye flashed; his plans

Soared up again like fire.

“ The chief’s eye flashed, but presently

Softened itself, as sheathes

A film the mother-eagle’s eye

When her bruised eaglet breathes:

‘ You ’re wounded!’ ‘ Nay,’ his soldier’s pride

Touched to the quick, he said;

‘ I’m killed, Sire!’ And, his chief beside,

Smiling, the boy fell dead.”

Early on Monday morning Mr. Roland and Tom started for the distant boarding-school. Tom blubbered and boohooed even after they reached the train and were seated in the cars.

The passengers looked with surprise at the big

boy, but seeing the gentleman with him quite unconcerned, concluded that it was best to take no notice of him. One compassionate soul, however, a plain countrywoman, who sat in the seat before them, took a piece of gingerbread from her wallet, and handed it to Tom, saying, "Perhaps you are hungry, boy."

Tom took the gingerbread without so much as "Thank you," and, devouring it with his usual gusto, stopped crying.

Without accident or detention they arrived at their place of destination. Tom was placed under the charge of the Principal, with an injunction from his father, that the Principal and his subordinates should be very strict with Tom, and not allow him to get into mischief.

Mr. Roland's tender feelings, however, so overcame him when parting with his son, that he gave him a large amount of pocket-money.

"Now, my son, remember," said he, "I do not place you here as a punishment. It is for your good. Study hard, keep clear of bad companions, and resolve, with God's help, to become a good and useful man. Write to me once a week."

Tom chinked the money in his pocket, and parted from his kind father without a tear.

Alas ! what child can imagine the fearful disappointment of a parent, when the promised blessing of an only son is likely to prove a curse ! The dear, delicious hopes so fondly cherished over the cradle changed to mournful forebodings !



JULIUS RODE BLACK DUKE EVERY MORNING FOR AN HOUR BEFORE BREAKFAST, SOMETIMES WITH RUTH ON HER PONY, AND AT OTHER TIMES ALONE. Page 47.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION.

A FEW days passed away very quietly at Elmlawn. Ruth was grieved at the *necessity* for her brother's absence, but believing it to be for the best to remove him from bad influences, cheerfully submitted to it.

Julius rode Black Duke every morning for an hour before breakfast, sometimes with Ruth on her pony, and at other times alone. He did not forget his promise to call again at the cottage of the market-gardener, Sergeant Moses.

On Saturday, his holiday, he started after breakfast to pay the promised visit.

"Hurrah! hold up!" cried a voice behind him, and the sound of the horse's heels coming rapidly towards him made Black Duke quicken his steps almost to a run.

"Hold up! I say; I am not riding a race for a wager."

Julius reined in his fiery charger, and Martin Hackerty, for he it was, came along-side of him.

"Why, you ride like the Flying Dutchman," said Martin; "you are a different boy, altogether, from what I thought you."

"What was that?" asked Julius, at the moment, quite forgetful of his uncle's injunction to avoid Martin, besides, he was on the high road, and could not without absolute rudeness free himself from his companion.

"I thought you a prinky, spinky, dolly-boy, without a bit of spunk."

"When did you change your opinion?" asked Julius.

"When I saw you tumble fat Tom into the dust."

"That I did in maintaining my right, and in self-defence."

"But there was real *vim* in it, just as there is when you play '*shinny*.' Zounds! you beat every boy on the play-ground! And your laugh does one good, it is so jolly hearty, and you ride like a trooper; you rode just now as if you were going to —"

"Stop, Martin! don't use that profane word," cried Julius, seriously.

"There now, you are so pious, — so mighty good, — the very reason why I thought there was no fun in you," retorted Martin.

"I like fun of the right sort as well as any boy, but I don't like vulgarity or profanity."

"I don't quite understand your notions," continued Martin, "yet I like you, Julius, and prefer your company to stupid Tom Roland's."

"You forget the line in your copy-book, 'Either say nothing of the absent, or speak as a friend.'"

"I should like you for a friend, Julius; you might reclaim such a rascal as I am."

Julius was not insensible to flattery; *who is?* He looked more favorably upon Martin, and said, kindly, "You overrate my ability; I am willing, however, to do you good if I can. But here we are at Moses Mullerkin's, and I must bid you good morning."

"Stop a minute. I am going out gunning this afternoon. I have a capital gun, and am going to shoot wild rabbits. Will you go with me? I will meet you at the great gate of Elmlawn."

Of all things delightful, the one thing most so at that moment seemed "going a gunning," and Julius hastily answered, "I'll join you, Martin."

Before he had time for a moment's reflection Martin cantered off. Julius dismounted, and fastened Black Duke to a post.

Sergeant Moses was, as usual, in the garden among his flowers and fruit. The little blind girl was

sitting on a bench near him, with her lap full of roses.

“Good morning, my pretty lad,” said the old soldier, with his usual military salute.

The term “pretty lad” did not strike Julius agreeably; he meant to be something more.

“I don’t see how you manage so well in gardening with only one hand,” said Julius.

“O, this stump answers every purpose. I lost my hand in the defence of my country,” said the old soldier, shouldering his hoe. “I’m proud of this same old stump.”

“Poor grandfather,” said the little blind girl, “didn’t it hurt you to have your hand shot off?”

“My little dear, I hardly felt it at that time. My musket was loaded; I held fast to it with this right hand, and sprung the lock; we used flint-locks then.”

“Where was it?” inquired Julius.

“Can you bear to hear a long story?” said the Sergeant.

“If it is n’t too long,” replied Julius, smiling.

“Sit you down here on this bench with Nannie. I would rather stand,” said the old soldier, leaning on his hoe. “Why does a man love his country?” he continued. “For the same reason that he loves his

family. God willed it so. Do you suppose anybody would take the same care of my little Nannie that I do? She is mine! So is my country, and a glorious country it is.

‘This is the land of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o’er all the world beside.’

I read them lines somewhere once, and they struck deep into my heart. Well, as I was saying, my country was threatened with destruction, or at least, the British determined to do us all the harm they could. They set on them dreadful savages to slaughter the Western settlers. You know about our brave Harrison? General Harrison, who fought the battle of Tippecanoe, and conquered, he did; Tecumseh, the Indian chief, was killed there. Then the British meddled with our vessels on the ocean, and we could n’t bear their insults any longer, and so war was declared.

“I was a farmer, and going to be married to that little girl’s grandmother; but says I, ‘Nancy, we must wait awhile; I’m going to the war.’ ‘I’m afraid you’ll be killed,’ says she, with the tears in her pretty blue eyes. ‘But,’ says I, ‘you see,’ says I, ‘my country calls me, and I must go. What would become of us if we did n’t fight? We should n’t have a

country at all. Keep up good courage, Nancy, I am going to enlist. So she wiped her eyes, the brave girl, and I gave her one kiss, and said, 'Good by.' Did n't I feel grand in my regimentals! I'll show you my old musket by and by. Well, our little navy got all the glory at first, but we soon shared it with them. I fought my first battle at Lundy's Lane. My gracious! did n't the roar of battle drown the roar of the catarack! We fought on the Canada side, not far from great Niagara. I called my first son, little Nannie's father, after the two great gineral. Yes, Scott Brown Mullerkin was his name. He's now in heaven." The old soldier was silent a moment, and then continued: "I will not tell you of all my adventures, but come right to the greatest of all, New Orleans. There I was promoted to be a sergeant under that grand old fellow, Gineral Jackson. I think I see him now, on his war-horse, riding along the ranks, with his great *chapeau braw* in his hand and his hair standing straight up on his head, looking as fierce as a catamount, and yet as cool as a cucumber. O, he was a Gideon, a Cæsar, and a Bonaparte, all in one! The soldiers were proud to fight under such a gineral. Why, I tell you, he looked me right in the eye as he rode along, as much

as to say, 'Sergeant Mullerkin, I know you 'll do your duty.'

"Well, we fired away at the enemy, twelve thousand of them, and we scattered them like a flock of wild pigeons. Pakenham, the 'beauty and booty' gineral, was killed on the spot. We lost only seven men killed. I was wounded among the very last. A ball went through and through my hand, and a surgeon took the hand smooth off. It was a glorious victory, that famous 8th of January, and I did n't think much about my wound. But as I travelled home, I thought, I 'm not the man I was when Nancy promised to marry me, I 'm only a poor wounded soldier. O how I felt when I drew near to her home! I mounted a hill, and saw the blue smoke rising from her father's cottage. Then I sat down and cried,—yes, cried like a baby. 'She won't have me, I know she won't. Perhaps she 's married already,' says I to myself. With these sorrowful thoughts in my mind, I took up the old knapsack, musket, and sword, and marched on. As I knocked at Nancy's door, how I trembled. She came herself, looking sweeter and prettier than ever. As soon as she saw me, she threw her white arms round my neck, and whispered, 'Thank God! you 've

come home alive.' 'Yes, Nancy dear,' says I, 'but not all that went away. You are free from your bargain, for I am a poor soldier with only one hand to support you.' She sobbed as though her dear little heart would break, and kissed me for the first time in her life. As soon as she could speak, says she, 'Moses, I shall be only too proud to be a brave soldier's wife.' And so, not long after, we were married. And she was the best wife that ever mortal man was blessed with."

"Was that my grandmother?" asked little Nannie, who all this time had been listening with eager interest to the story of Sergeant Moses.

"Yes, dear, that was your granny, and I think you are just like what she was at your age."

"Only she was n't blind, grandfather," replied Nannie.

"Come, my lad, go in the house, and I'll show you the old musket. I carried it all through the war. And I've got some other trophies. You may lead little Nannie."

Julius took the blind girl by the hand, and the three went into the house.

Over the large kitchen fireplace, upon two hooks, hung a musket, as bright as steel could be made.

Over one of the small windows was a sword without a scabbard, equally bright, and over another an old *chapeau-bras* and a piece of a tattered flag. "Here's the old musket," said Sergeant Moses, taking it down, shouldering it, and bringing his bent form into an erect position, as if on drill.

"It does look old, but it's as bright as silver," said Julius.

"To be sure it is," was the quick reply. "I keep it so, and the sword too; that belonged to my captain. He gave it to me when his company presented him with a new one for his bravery and his care of his soldiers. I should have liked to have used that sword at Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and Chapultepec, under my old commander, General Winfield Scott, but I was almost too old, and besides, I did n't know as a one-handed soldier would pass muster. Here, put up my musket, boy. Did you ever handle a gun?"

"Never before," said Julius, holding the musket awkwardly.

"It's time you had. No telling how soon we may want men to fight for our liberty. That *chapeau*, they say, was Jackson's. I'm not sure it was, but I'm willing to believe it. I wish we had a thousand

men with the spirit of that determined old man. Why, he was a whole brigade in himself. He's in his peaceful grave now, — God bless him! I mean to keep my musket and sword bright, and ready for use, as long as I live. They will be needed, for I see dark, awful, threatening clouds already down South. I wish Jackson had hanged that Calhoun; he deserved it, if ever a man deserved hanging in this world, and I believe the old man would have hanged him, if it had n't been for some weak milk-and-water advisers. But you must be tired by this time of an old man's story. God be thanked that I was able to do something for my country. If it had n't been for the soldiers of the Revolution, and of the war of 1814, we should n't have had now this beautiful, happy country, where every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make him afraid."

"I will be a soldier!" exclaimed Julius with enthusiasm.

"That's right, my boy; come to the old Sergeant, now and then, and I'll drill you."

"Thank you, Sergeant Moses, I am in earnest, and will accept your offer," replied Julius with warmth.

He then mounted Black Duke, and rode home,

full of his new resolution. When he reached his own room, he fell on his knees and cried, "Help me, O God, to keep the resolution I have this day formed, and I will be a Christian soldier."

Julius had been taught by his mother thus to ask the blessing of his Heavenly Father on all his good resolutions.

CHAPTER IX.

MORAL COURAGE.

“Go a gunning! I have promised Martin to go with him, ought I to break my word?” So thought Julius as he walked down to the great gate to meet Martin Hackerty.

“Uncle told me not to *ride* in his company, and I had to do so this morning in spite of myself. He did n’t say I must n’t walk with him.”

Julius brought up these flimsy arguments to sustain him in doing what he knew would be contrary to the spirit of his uncle’s prohibition.

As he walked on, the solemn resolution he had formed that morning rose before him, like an accusing angel. “What is the first duty of a good soldier? Obedience.”

Just as this wise reflection was uppermost in his mind, he reached the gate, and there stood Martin Hackerty, gun in hand.

“Come, Jule, I have been waiting for you ten

minutes. It's a fine day for hunting. See, I've got Brownie with me to scare up the game."

"Are you going to shoot birds! I thought wild rabbits were to be the game. I can't consent to shoot birds," cried Julius, glad of so good an excuse.

"I do n't think you would be in danger of shooting anything on the first trial. Come out though. What makes you stand there hesitating. Pooh! you're afraid of a gun."

"Not a bit afraid!" exclaimed Julius, opening the gate and coming outside.

"Then come along. Here, you may lead Brownie. I've got him by a chain, because he might leave for home before we get to the woods. Then and there he's safe enough."

"I am not going with you, Martin."

"Not going? You promised you would; and you are not the fellow to be guilty of lying."

"It was a hasty promise, Martin; I beg you to release me from it."

"No; I'll be —"

"Stop, Martin, do n't say that!" cried Julius.

"Then I'll be *shot* if I do. Come, do n't stand shilly-shallying like a timid girl."

"Girls are often more courageous than boys," said Julius, thinking at the moment of Cousin Ruth.

"That's a new notion. Ha! ha!" laughed Martin, scornfully.

"I mean they have more moral courage," said Julius.

"Moral courage! What do you mean by that?"

"Courage to do right under trying circumstances," replied Julius, decidedly.

"You ought to be a parson; I suppose you mean to be one. I know the real reason why you won't go with me is, because you are afraid of the gun. I suppose nothing would tempt you to fire it off."

"Is it loaded?" asked Julius.

"Yes; full charged."

"Give it to me," said Julius.

Martin placed the gun in his hands, and immediately the report echoed among the hills.

"Well done!" cried Martin.

There was a charm in the smell of gunpowder, and the sense of power over the murderous weapon, that Julius now felt for the first time. Again he hesitated and thought, "But this once, *only once*, I might go a gunning, for I ought to learn to handle a gun."

It was a plausible reason ; Julius wavered.

“ Ah, I see ! that Cousin Ruth of yours, with her heroics, has prejudiced you against me. She has told you, ‘ Martin Hackerty is a naughty boy. Beware of naughty boys. Keep close to my apron-string.’ ”

This taunt served a different purpose from what was expected. Julius admired and respected Ruth, and his conscience told him that her advice about Martin was excellent advice. He turned suddenly, opened the gate, entered, and closed it. “ Good-by, Martin,” said he, as he hurried onward toward the house.

Rapid footsteps followed him. He turned ; it was Ruth herself.

“ Do n’t go quite so fast, Julius, though you are running the right way. You have gained a triumph over yourself, that renders you my ‘ favorite hero ’ to-day,” said Ruth, with an approving smile.

“ How do you know that, Ruth ? ”

I was at the porter’s lodge, teaching little Martha to spell. The window was open, and I could not help hearing the conversation between you and that ‘ naughty boy.’ ”

Julius thought how he had wavered, and, coloring deeply, remarked in a very humble tone :

"I do not deserve such a high compliment from you, Ruth."

"It's no compliment, Julius. You fought against your inclination, and you stood bravely the test of ridicule, — the most trying test, sometimes, to which we can be subjected. You are my hero, and, in memory of this triumph, I give you this ring, which was bestowed upon me as a token of merit for what I considered a very poor prize composition."

So saying, Ruth drew from her finger a plain gold ring, and placed it upon the third finger of Julius's left hand.

"‘Moral courage,’ is the motto for that ring," said Ruth.

"Thank you; thank you a thousand times! I shall keep it as an amulet; whether I deserve it or not, it is a token of Cousin Ruth's approbation."

"A better approval is that of a good conscience," added Ruth.

CHAPTER X.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.

LETTER FROM THOMAS ROLAND TO MISS ROLAND.

Savenville, June, 18—.

“DEER RUTH, I now sit down to rite to you to let you know I am well. No; that is not trew, I am not well. The dyet here does not soot me. I found it very poor so I went to the confeckshuners and bort a whole lot of cakes and pise and sundys. I put them in my bewrow draw for between meels. You must know I have a room all to myself. Father made that agrement by paying well for it. I’ve been sick almost evry nite, and felt dredful lonesome. I wish I could go home. The boys here are very rood and teese me half out of my wits. They call me roly-poly, though I am no fatter than John Dunham. He is the best scoller in the school, and they pertend I am the poorest. They put burdock burs into my bed and scotch-snuff on my pillar so that I have to scrach and sneaze all nite long be-

sides being sick as a dog. I tell you, Ruth, I shan't be Roly-poly much longer. I am shure I have lost a duzzen pounds since I have bin hear. I suppose father is not yet at home, as he said he should be absent three weaks. When he does come, I wish you would tell him I am quite disatisfyd with this skool. Don't show him this letter nor Julius, for they tell me I am a poor speller and I happen not to have a dickshunary at hand for the big words.

"When peeches are ripe I wish you would send me a box. Tell Jule he may rite to me, but I want none of his good advice.

"Effectshunately your brother

THOMAS ROLAND."

"P. S. Tell father when he comes home that I shall be out of money."

There was no need of asking Ruth not to show this letter. She was so heartily ashamed of this specimen of her brother's literary acquirements, that she destroyed it immediately. Instead of writing once a week, as his father had *commanded*, it was three weeks before Tom wrote at all. It is doubt-

ful if he obeyed more strictly the other parting injunctions.

Boys are oftentimes so wise in their own estimation, as to be quite irritated by a *command* from a superior. They don't acknowledge *superiors*!

CHAPTER XI.

WILL HE KEEP HIS PROMISE?

It was a warm Sunday in July. As Julius was returning from church, he seated himself to rest, for a while, under a wide-spreading oak-tree by the roadside. He had been seated thus but a few minutes when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by Martin Hackerty, who sprang over the fence which enclosed the field adjoining the road.

“How are you, Julius! Been to church?”

“You haven’t, I perceive,” replied Julius, as he observed the muddy shoes and soiled dress of his companion.

“No; it’s too stupid. I hate Sunday! I’ve been trying to get rid of the time by fishing in the brook, but I have n’t caught even a minnow.”

“I think Sunday is a delightful day; I enjoy it exceedingly,” said Julius, with a bright smile.

“You enjoy everything,” retorted Martin, *almost* spitefully, — “study, and work, and play.”

“Why should n’t I? With health and all the means for enjoyment, why should n’t I enjoy myself? Memory of the past sometimes makes me sad, but everything in the present is bright and cheerful.”

“*I only pretend to be happy,*” said Martin; “down at the very depth of my heart there is constant dissatisfaction. I despise myself.”

“That is a good sign. Why, Martin, you have taken the first step towards becoming wiser and better,” replied Julius, cheerily.

“I am afraid I have n’t taken that step yet; if I were going to be with *you* longer, I might take it, and keep on in the right road. You do not know the influence you have over others. I may not see you again, Julius, for my father is going to remove to Ohio, and I have left school. I shall be off to-morrow or next day.”

The first emotion with Julius was one of joy that he was no more to be troubled by Martin; this was immediately followed by a more generous feeling, and he replied: “I am glad if I have exerted any influence over you for good. I find it not so easy to walk in the right path as you suppose. I have to ask aid constantly from my Heavenly Father, and to seek forgiveness through my Saviour, for my many wanderings.”

"You speak like a preacher; I suppose you mean to be one," said Martin.

"No; I mean to be a soldier," was the frank reply.

"A soldier! Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. I have not told my uncle of this intention, but have no doubt I shall have his free consent."

"I am astonished!" exclaimed Martin; "I thought you would consider it wrong to be a soldier."

"There is nothing in the Book, which you once said I was more familiar with than any other, that condemns soldiers, if they are good ones; this very day I have heard a sermon on Cornelius the centurion,—'a devout man, who feared God, with all his house.' Though a soldier, he 'feared God.'"

"You are a brave fellow, Julius; I don't know another boy in the world who would have dared to have this talk with me; and perhaps if he had I should have ridiculed him; but I really respect you, because I know you are sincere, and that your religion is not all talk and no deeds. I am sorry to part with you, and hope we may meet again."

Martin, thus saying, rose and offered his hand to Julius, who sprang up and took the offered hand cordially.

“Before we part, Martin,” said he, “I want you to promise me three things. One is, that you will not use profane language; the other, that you will not drink intoxicating liquor; the third, that you will read the Bible, and pray for God’s blessing. These three things I promised my dear mother on her dying-bed, and I have never repented my promise. In memory of this meeting and parting, Martin, I will give you my own Bible!” Julius took from his pocket a small Bible beautifully bound; on the clasp was his own name.

“Here’s a pencil,” said Martin. “Write the three things on the blank leaf of the Bible.”

Julius wrote as he was requested.

Martin took the book, and, kissing it, said: “I make the resolution solemnly: not to use profane language, not to drink intoxicating liquor; I will read this Bible, and pray for God’s blessing. I am thus bound, Julius, till we meet again. Farewell.”

Julius responded with genuine warmth and cordiality, “God bless you, Martin; I hope, when we meet again, it will be as devoted friends.”

CHAPTER XII.

TOM'S RETURN FROM SCHOOL.

WE must now pass over two whole years, during which Tom had remained at school, and Julius had continued at Elmlawn.

The birthday of Julius was again to be celebrated ; not, as before, by a gathering of his schoolfellows upon the lawn. Mr. Roland was to be at home, and Tom was coming from school.

Just at sunset, on the 5th of June, Tom arrived. He had done with school, and was "fitted for college." "Fitted" was he, if colleges are made up of blusterers and bullies, for of such was Tom Roland.

"Here, take my trunk, you rascal," was his first salutatory, on reaching home, as the civil waiter stood bowing to the young master.

"How goes it, Ruth? Zounds! you're most an old maid!" Ruth had rushed out to meet him, overflowing with sisterly affection.

“Take care! With your foolish kisses you just did n't knock my pipe out of my mouth. Jule, how are you? prim as ever! You're a whole team,—so tall you could look into a two-story window in your stocking-feet,” continued Tom, the pipe still in his mouth, as he entered the house.

Yet Julius was not too tall for a boy of sixteen. He had not outgrown his strength. Constant, vigorous, healthy exercise had made him muscular, and developed his fine person into the true soldierly type,—broad, high shoulders, and full, expanded chest. He was no longer the delicate-looking student, like those who, while “consuming the midnight-oil,” are consuming themselves. The sergeant's drill had made him as upright as a young pine-tree, and his movements were as easy as those of the same young tree, when swayed by the wind. His features, in gaining strength, had lost their juvenile beauty, yet his dark hair still waved across a fair, broad forehead, and his mouth, though firm, expressed the gentler emotions.

Tom had not changed much in appearance during the two years. He might still be called “Roly-poly.” His face was more sensual and repulsive than formerly, although the features were not bad; indeed,

with a good expression, they might have been called handsome.

His swaggering air corresponded with his countenance, and completed the *tout ensemble* of a self-important, snarling school-boy, who thought himself, and called himself, *a man*.

His conversation was patched out with slang phrases, and was mostly on the scrapes he had had with his teachers; the *sprees* of horn-blowing, taking off gates, stealing turkeys from the principal, and other "jolly jokes," which were a part of his "fitting" for college.

Addressing Julius with a supercilious sneer, Tom said, "I suppose *Mr. Farley* intends going to college. Does he intend to join the same class that I do?"

"I am not going to college," was the reply.

"What are you going to do? Play gentleman here, at my father's expense!"

Anger sent a glowing color over the face of Julius, and his voice trembled as he said: "I have lately consulted my uncle about the matter, and he approves of my choice of a profession."

"Huffy! stiffy!" was the muttered exclamation from the insulting Tom.

Ruth, poor Ruth, was dismayed. She had fondly hoped that her brother would come home with, at least, decent manners. She knew his mind was not of a high order, but supposed he would have pride enough, if nothing else, to act like the son of Mr. Francis Roland !

Had not Tom been two years at a celebrated boarding-school? Ruth did not consider that the "twig" was "bent" at home, and had there acquired a stubborn twist. Schoolmasters are not accountable for all the *crooked sticks* that come under their charge. Had not Tom been removed from the bad influence of Martin Hackerty? There were worse boys in the school than Martin.

Mr. Roland was expected to arrive at the neighboring landing by an evening steamboat. The trio waited long after the time for its usual arrival in momentary expectation. Tom at last fell asleep on a sofa.

It was midnight. A low, rumbling sound was heard. Could it be the carriage which was usually rapidly drawn by the fleet horses !

Julius ran to the door with a light ; Ruth, and Tom, aroused from his nap, followed.

It was the carriage, and its owner was brought

home. But not alive. He had died suddenly on board the boat, of heart-complaint.

It is impossible to describe the consternation that followed this terrible arrival.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLUSTERER AT HOME.

A FEW days after the burial of Mr. Roland the distant relatives who had gathered at Elmlawn for that mournful occasion were assembled with Ruth, Tom, and Julius to hear the reading of the will of the deceased.

It was very brief. The estate was to be equally divided between his two children. His son was to be the owner of Elmlawn. Julius was not named in the will. It had been well understood that Mr. Roland had adopted the orphan as his son. The will had been made a year before Julius came to reside in his uncle's family. It had been the intention of that kind uncle to make another will; but, like many other good intentions, it had been deferred till too late. Too late! The epitaph for many a procrastinator!

No remarks were made to Julius on the unexpected omission of all provision for his future. Not

even Ruth felt more deeply the loss of the generous head of the family, not even Ruth more tenderly loved him, than did Julius, at this very moment when he was left a penniless orphan.

—Tom soon began to feel his immense importance as the master of Elmlawn, and to exhibit his characteristic blustering and superciliousness. Occasionally, he taunted Julius with his dependent condition, but never in the presence of Ruth.

Julius bore these taunts in silence, but was deeply wounded.

Ruth had received so violent a shock from the sudden death of her father that she seemed to be in a state of apathy, — a numbness such as a heavy blow inflicts upon the body. Yet to Julius she was peculiarly tender and gentle.

Secretly he was making preparations for a departure from Elmlawn. He selected such clothing as would be indispensable for a long journey, and placed the remainder of his effects in a large trunk. He did not hesitate to retain whatever his uncle had freely given him.



JULIUS AT THE GRAVE OF MR. ROLAND. Page 77.

CHAPTER XIV.

COURAGE! COURAGE!

It was a dark but starry evening when Julius left the place which for more than two years had been his pleasant home. His wearing apparel was in the brown-paper parcel he carried under his arm. A letter for Ruth was left on the hall-table. It was blotted with his tears.

He bent his steps first to the churchyard. By "the pale light of stars," he found his way to the grave of his departed uncle. No superstitious fears assailed the brave boy. He felt that God was there; God was his Father, "the man of sorrows" his sympathizing friend.

He knelt by the grave at that silent, solemn hour, remembered the affectionate kindness of his uncle, and though he shed many tears, not a reproachful thought passed through his mind.

He knew, for his uncle had told him, the generous intentions that Death had suddenly defeated.

And there he knelt, fervently thanking God for the past, and asking for future guidance and protection.

He rose from that hallowed spot to go into the wide, untried world alone ;—and yet, not alone. Was not his Best Friend still with him ?

Julius now walked rapidly towards the humble home of his friend, Sergeant Moses.

There was no light in the cottage. As Julius stood before the open door, the sweet, plaintive voice of Nannie came to his ear. She was *reading* the twenty-third Psalm :—

“The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

“He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

Nannie stopped suddenly.

“Grandfather,” said she, “there is some one on the door-step.”

“Are you quite sure, darling ?”

“Quite sure ; I heard a sigh. I think it is Master Julius, for he often sighs.”

"It is I; Sergeant, shall I come in?" asked Julius.

"Yes, and welcome; I'll strike a light," was the quick reply; and soon the candle was lighted, and there was little blind Nannie, with the big book on her lap and her finger on the word she had last read.

The Sergeant, after giving him a hearty grasp of the hand, said: "Sit you down, my lad; I am right glad to see you again."

This was their first interview since the death of Mr. Roland, and the affectionate sympathy of the honest soldier, and little Nannie, was soothing to the heart of the desolate boy.

"But what does this big bundle mean?" inquired the old soldier.

"I have left Elmlawn forever. I must start in life as you did, my good friend, and depend upon myself."

"That's right!" cried the Sergeant, who had heard of the disposition of Mr. Roland's property; "but I hope you mean to be a soldier."

"To be sure I do; after all the drilling you have given me, it would n't be fair for me to change my mind."

"No indeed it would not; you've learned to

handle a musket and *bagonet* like a veteran ; you are a swimmer, a capital rider, a first-rate marksman, and as strong as a young *Hercules*. You would obey your commander too, for you have always obeyed old Sergeant Moses."

"You are very kind to say such encouraging things," said Julius. "My uncle approved of my choice, and I am now on my way to Washington to ask for an appointment at West Point."

"West Point? Hurrah for West Point!" exclaimed the old man. "You'll make a first-rate officer ; you'll be a gineral, like my old ginerals, Scott and Jackson."

"If I first make a sergeant as good as yourself I shall be thankful," replied Julius, warmly.

"Ah, my lad, I should have been promoted from the ranks, and been Captain Mullerkin, if it had not been for this stump. Stand by the old Stars and Stripes ; and if the time comes, which God forbid ! there shall be an attempt to divide this glorious Union, fight for your country, your *whole* country. God made it *one*, not to be broken in pieces any more than yonder sword-blade."

"I will keep your words in my heart," replied Julius, earnestly. "I must leave you now. I thank

you for all you have done for me, and for your constant kindness."

"Thank me, my lad! Have n't you taught my poor Nannie to read, and given her all them queer books that the darling's little fingers can read? I have saved up my money to send her to the 'Sylum, and now there's no need of it."

"O, you've been so kind to grandfather and me!" cried little Nannie, who had been an attentive listener; "what shall we do without Master Julius?"

"There's a question I would like to ask," said the kind-hearted old soldier. "It costs a deal of money to go to Washington."

"My good uncle gave me a monthly allowance of pocket-money; I have no wants, and had saved it to buy a set of British Poets. I have paid for my mourning-suit, and have some money left."

"Here, take this old leather purse as a keepsake," said the Sergeant, thrusting into Julius's hand the purse, which seemed well filled with coin.

"No, thank you, I cannot take it; indeed I cannot."

"I've got a whole half-dollar, — you'll take that, won't you?" said Nannie, entreatingly.

"No, dear Nannie, you must excuse me. I must

say good-by, or I shall be too late for the steam-boat."

"But you will take my old knapsack. I shall never need it again. Here, let me put your bundle into it," cried the Sergeant, taking down a stout leather knapsack from its accustomed place.

"Thank you ; I will accept that gratefully."

So the old soldier strapped the knapsack on Julius's shoulders, saying : "First, your duty to God and then to your country. I have left you my sword and musket, and a few other traps, in my will. If you ever have a chance, I know you will be kind to my poor Nannie, when the old sergeant is under the sod."

Julius wrung the hand of the old soldier without being able to say a word, the big tears rolling down his cheeks.

Nannie, sobbing, kissed him "Good-by," and Julius hastened with all speed towards the landing. The steamer was just putting off when he sprang from the dock upon the deck.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESCUE.

JULIUS seated himself on the upper deck, near the stern of the steamer, with his knapsack on his back. It was nine o'clock; the sky was cloudless, and the stars were brilliantly reflected in the smooth water.

The deck was crowded with passengers. Near Julius were seated two, who seemed to be father and daughter.

About ten o'clock, the gentleman said to the young girl, "Is it not time for you to retire, Mary?"

The name struck pleasantly on the ear of Julius: it was his mother's name,—a hallowed name to thousands!

"Not yet, if you please, papa; the night is very beautiful, and it is quite warm in the ladies' cabin," was the reply. A short conversation followed, and then the gentleman said: "I will go and see that our luggage is all together. Stay where you are till I return."

He had not been absent long when a dense smoke was seen rising through the open staircase to the upper deck, and fearful yells of "Fire! fire!" caused a rush of the passengers to the lower deck.

The young girl started up to join the throng.

"You will be crushed among the crowd," cried Julius, detaining her. "Your father requested you to remain here."

"My father! my father!" shrieked the terrified girl.

"Take courage! We are beyond the Palisades, and nearing the shore."

At that moment the engine stopped.

Very few passengers were remaining on the upper deck; they had rushed below at the first alarm.

The wind descended with a wafture and a swoop, and soon the stairway was on fire, and then the awning and upper deck. There was not an instant for delay. The fierce flames were reaching towards them, and burning masses falling around them.

Julius seized a rope which had been attached to the awning, fastened it to the railing at the stern, and tied a large knot at the other end of the rope.

"We must drop into the water. Don't be frightened, Mary; I can swim." As he said this, he drew off his boots with surprising coolness.

“O, I am afraid! I am afraid!” was the agonized cry from the poor girl.

“There is no other way of escape!” exclaimed Julius.

As he said this a man sprang over the railing, seized the rope and slid down. The blazing awning fell just as Julius helped Mary over the railing. “Keep hold of the rope,” he said, and slid down, holding fast to her dress. When they reached the end of the rope, they were within a few feet of the water.

The rapid motion down the rope almost deprived them of breath; in a second, Julius, recovering, said: “Don’t be frightened. When we drop into the water, we shall go under and rise again; I will not lose my hold of you, and I can swim with you ashore.”

“Oh! I shall be drowned!” shrieked the poor girl. “O God, save me!”

Julius responded earnestly to the petition as they dropped into the river. They went down, but rose immediately, Julius still holding firmly by Mary’s dress. The distance was short to the shore, and Julius, an expert swimmer, reached it with his companion in safety.

As soon as Mary could speak she murmured, "My father! my father!"

Faint as were the words, they met the ear of her father. Finding it impossible to reach the upper deck, he jumped overboard, swam ashore, and now stood beside her. He lifted her from the beach, where she lay almost fainting.

"Thank God, you are safe, my dear child! I never expected to see you again," said he, as she clung to his neck, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

Meantime, Julius seeing a man nearly exhausted, just reaching the shore, dashed in to help him. This was easily accomplished. But when he looked around for the father and daughter, they were not where he left them.

The burning vessel cast a lurid light on the gently-flowing river and on the quiet landscape.

By this light Julius searched among the excited crowd assembled on the shore for Mary and her father, in vain; they had disappeared.

Dripping with water, his light summer clothing clinging to him, without hat or boots, Julius stood among the crowd unnoticed. He trembled, but, as the old Doge of Venice said, "not with fear"; the brave boy had not lost "one jot of heart or hope."

He was safe; he had been enabled to save others; they had not thanked him, but he thanked God.

Though it was the last of June, the night was cool; he shivered, and a chill ran through every vein. To bring back warmth to his frame, he started and ran till he came to a large barn, to which he found ready entrance. The old knapsack! How he blessed Sergeant Moses for having strapped it upon his shoulders! On opening it he found that the water had not penetrated to the contents. The first thing that he placed his hand upon was his mother's Bible. He had put it up among the few articles selected as necessary for his journey. He raised the Bible to his lips, and remembered the last sacred words he had heard read by blind Nannie: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Having changed his wet garments for dry clothing, he lay down among the hay and slept soundly till late in the morning.

The barn was merely used for storing hay and grain, and no one came to disturb his slumbers.

Vigorous as though he had only taken a bath in the river, Julius rose from his long sleep, put the now dry clothing he had taken off while wet into his

knapsack, and strapped that invaluable knapsack upon his shoulders. He was obliged to walk in his stockings, and in lieu of a hat a handkerchief covered his head.

But these deficiencies he soon remedied, on reaching the village, by the purchase of a cloth cap and a stout pair of boots.

He breakfasted at the only "tavern" in the village; there he hoped to find the gentleman and his daughter Mary. He described them to a number of persons, but could hear nothing of them.

Soon after breakfast Julius started on foot for New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

FORWARD, MARCH!

WITH his knapsack on his back, "marching on," Julius felt more like a soldier than ever before, though his full suit of black was not exactly the uniform for any but an officer of the Church militant.

Numerous were the inquiries made of him on his march to the city. Though much defaced, the old knapsack still showed the U. S. A. upon it, and excited curiosity. The country folks were very civil and sympathizing when they learnt that he had escaped from the burning steamboat. But when he had crossed the Jersey Ferry, and walked up Cortland Street to Broadway, it was quite another thing.

A troop of boys followed him; one cried out: "Corporal, what regiment do you belong to?"

"The black regiment," yelled another.

"He looks like a gemman," said a third; "but I guess he cribbed his coat and trowsers in one place, and the old leather thing in another."

“Forward, march!” shouted several; “shoulder, now!”

It was our young hero’s first visit to New York. He had not expected a *public reception*, though much less deserving heroes have received *ovations*.

Julius was glad to take refuge from the “saucy, ragged, and dirty” mob at his heels, in the first hotel which he reached. It was the — House.

The porter roughly accosted him: “*We* don’t entertain travellers with *packs* on their backs.”

“Direct me to the hotel-keeper,” said Julius.

“There you’re green. We call him proprietor”; so saying, the impertinent porter turned on his heel and left Julius standing on the steps.

Rising anger prompted Julius to hasten the porter down the steps by a scientific thrust learnt in boxing, but he forbore.

“What is it you wish, my lad?” said a gentleman who was just coming out of the hotel.

“I wish to speak to the proprietor,” was the prompt reply.

“I have heard that voice before,” said the gentleman.

“Yes, it must be the same; I shall never forget it. Come in; I will take you to the proprietor.”

They entered the gentlemen's parlor.

"I cannot be mistaken," said the stranger; "you are the young *man* who fastened the rope by which I safely reached the water; you aided me to land, on that terrible night when I might have perished without your assistance. You were not in the same dress then, but the voice is the same, and so is the old knapsack. Can I do anything to serve you?"

"Thank you, sir; I am not in need of anything at present but my supper, a night's lodging, and a breakfast to-morrow morning; for them I shall call upon the hotel-keeper," said Julius.

"And allow me to pay the bill," said the stranger.

"Certainly not," replied Julius; "my porte-monnaie was safe in my pocket when I swam ashore."

"I wish mine had been as safe. I lost all my luggage,—everything, indeed, but some change in my purse. Friends in New York have supplied me with means till I reach home. I am sorry that our interview should be so brief; I leave almost immediately. I will take you to the clerk, and have your name entered on the book."

Julius wrote his name; but where to give his address was the question: he had no home. He was obliged to give — County, N. Y., the place from whence he started.

The gentleman handed him his card, saying he hoped it might be in his power at some future day to render him a service. "Major John Hillsale, U. S. A.," was upon the card.

"I, too, will be a soldier," exclaimed Julius, as he read the card.

"And a brave one," added the Major. "You are just the one to be an honor to the army; but you don't intend to enlist as a private soldier?"

"No, sir; I am going to West Point, if I can get the appointment."

At this moment the porter cried, "Baggage for Philadelphia," and the Major left, after bidding Julius a hearty "Farewell."

Julius slept *just as well* in his room on noisy Broadway as he did in the quiet barn upon the fresh hay. Health and a good conscience are powerful incitements to sleep.

After breakfast, when he went to pay his bill at the clerk's office, he found it had already been settled. At first his pride revolted at it; he was really angry for a moment; then he reflected that this was the only way that Major Hillsale could find to testify his gratitude, and he forgave him. To husband his own small funds, he must find the cheap-

est conveyance to Washington, and, notwithstanding the recent disaster on the water, he took passage in a schooner to Baltimore.

He arrived there safely, and from that place walked to Washington. His transit from New York to the Capital occupied a whole week.

CHAPTER XVII.

BELL-RINGING.

It was near the close of a long session of Congress. The members were in haste to be home, and overwhelmed with the crowd of business matters still on hand.

Julius sent his *luggage* by a small boy to a hotel. His experience in New York was sufficient to deter him from *marching* with the U. S. A. upon his back.

His first inquiry, after he had taken lodgings at the hotel, was for the member from — County, New York. He found no difficulty in learning his place of residence. It was a large house on — Street.

With a beating heart, he rang at the door of the honorable member.

“Not at home,” was the answer to his eager inquiry. The young stranger wandered about the “city of magnificent distances,” feeling exceedingly solitary, and yet with an emotion of mingled pride and patriotism that was a pleasurable excitement.

This, then, was the Capitol. This was the splendid dome, the picture of which he had often seen. He ascended those flights of steps, and surveyed the beautiful prospect. He found his way to the gallery of the Senate Chamber, to see the venerable men there assembled, and listen to their wisdom and eloquence.

The deep, solemn voice of the immortal Webster sounded through that Senate Chamber like the voice of a prophet of old, as he pronounced words of warning similar to those he uttered on another occasion : —

“ Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.”

While the voice of the eloquent speaker thrilled every nerve of the enthusiastic young listener, he too would be a statesman. It was but momentary. His generous devotion to his country must be upon “ the tented field.” In imagination the young hero wielded the sword in defence of that “ whole country.”

From the Senate Chamber Julius went to the House of Representatives. He was struck with the

want of dignity in the air of the House. They were wrangling about some bill which he did not understand.

Soon after the Representatives left the hall, and Julius hastened to the house of the member from New York, and rang again at the door.

"The gentleman is engaged ; cannot see you," was the word from the waiter.

Disappointed, Julius returned to the hotel, where he remained unnoticed by the hundreds who were there congregated.

His calls on the honorable member were several times repeated, with the same disheartening result.

At the end of a week, his hotel bill was sent in. Whether this was the usual custom of the place or not Julius did not know. He paid the bill, and had but a single dollar remaining in his purse.

The succeeding morning he determined to make one more desperate effort ; and, for that purpose, went to the house of the member at an early hour.

"The gentleman is at breakfast," said the civil waiter. "You had better send in your card."

Julius was obliged to confess that he had no card.

"Please say to the gentleman that Julius Farley begs for a few minutes conversation with him on urgent business."

The waiter, *civil* as he was, left the young stranger standing on the doorstep, and closed the door. It was a moment of extreme anxiety to Julius. His courage was about to falter. The tears would come, but were indignantly dashed away.

The waiter returned, saying the gentleman would see him. The honorable member from New York was seated at the breakfast-table with a number of ladies and gentlemen.

The brave boy who had shown such courage and presence of mind in extreme danger, now stood dangling his cap in his hand, not daring to lift his eyes from the carpet.

"Make known your business, boy; I have very little time to spare," was the curt address of the member.

"I came to solicit the appointment to the West Point Military Academy that you, sir, can give me," stammered out Julius.

"A bold request. Have you brought letters of introduction or recommendation?"

"I have not."

"What claims have you, then, upon me for this appointment?"

"None, except my ardent desire to serve my

country as a soldier," replied Julius, gaining assurance, his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and his voice becoming firm and clear.

"What reference can you give with respect to your qualifications for the position you seek? I am but an agent of the Government, and ought not to bestow its favors on the undeserving." As the member said this, he resumed his breakfast.

"I am alone in the world. There was no one of whom I could ask a letter of introduction. I have a testimonial from the principal of the school that I attended for two years, but unfortunately it got wet in my pocket, and is scarcely legible."

"It is he, I am sure it is!" whispered some one at the table.

"Produce your testimonial," said the member.

Julius drew from his pocket a soiled, blotted paper, and handed it to him.

The principal had testified that Julius Farley had taken the highest honor in his school of thirty boys, being No. 1 in Mathematics; No. 1 in Natural Philosophy; No. 2 in Latin and Greek; No. 1 in Modern Languages; No. 1 in English Studies; but, alas! the testimonial was so blotted and blurred, that the member had not patience to decipher it, and

handed it back, saying he could make nothing of it. Then, with a formal bow, and a wave of the hand towards the door, the member said, "Good morning." There had been during the interview a whispered conversation among the persons at table. A gentleman now started up, saying, "Please let me look at that paper."

He had no sooner cast his eye upon it than he exclaimed, "Julius Farley!—the very same!" and seizing Julius around the shoulders, he gave him a genuine hug, as he said: "You saved my Mary from both fire and water; God bless you! Come, Mary, and thank your brave deliverer."

The young girl came forward shyly, "reddened like a rose, sine pale as ony lily," as she gave her hand to Julius, without uttering a word. The memory of that awful night was vividly before her mind, and tears were rolling from those sweet blue eyes like a summer shower.

"Mr. Leonardson," said the member, "I must ask an explanation another time. Urgent business calls me away. If you have done breakfast, you can, if you please, adjourn to the parlor with your young friend."

When Mr. Leonardson, his daughter, and Julius were seated in the parlor, Mr. Leonardson said:

“How strange, how ungrateful it must have seemed to you that I should have left you on that terrible night, when you had saved my Mary from a horrible death.”

“I supposed that we were accidentally separated in that confused throng upon the shore,” replied Julius.

“It was so. I knew not by what name to call you, and I looked for you in vain. Mary lay fainting in my arms. A gentleman who, providentially, was passing in his carriage near the place where the unfortunate steamer was on fire, came to offer assistance to passengers who had escaped, and took Mary and myself to his own home, not far distant.

“After a day of rest and refreshment with our kind host, I went the next morning to the neighboring village to inquire after you, and called at the ‘tavern.’ I gave the description of you as Mary gave it to me, — ‘Dressed in a suit of light summer clothing, apparently about sixteen or seventeen, decided and manly.’ A young person answering that description, excepting that he wore a full suit of black, had breakfasted there, and left on foot; they did not know what road he had taken. Just as I was about to leave, hopeless of finding you, a stage-coach drove up

to the door, and out of it stepped an old man, dressed in a faded United States uniform — ”

“My dear old friend, Sergeant Moses!” shouted Julius.

“The very same. As he alighted with some difficulty, I saw that he had lost his left hand. He had hardly touched the ground before he exclaimed, ‘Has any one of you seen my Julius Farley?’

“I gave the description of the person for whom I was seeking, and he eagerly asked, ‘Had he a knapsack on his back?’

“‘O yes; I remember now. Mary mentioned that knapsack particularly. He saved my daughter from an awful death.’

“‘It was my boy! — Where is he?’ exclaimed the old soldier. ‘Where is he?’

“When told that he had gone away on foot, the old soldier wiped his eyes, but they were tears of joy.

“‘He ’s on his march to Washington,’ said he; ‘he ’s true grit. He ’ll be a gineral.’

“I took the nice old fellow into the tavern, and offered him something to drink. He thanked me, but said he never drank anything but ‘Adam’s ale.’ He then told me why you were going to Washing-

ton. I informed him that I was going there myself as soon as I could get refitted with clothing for myself and Mary in New York. The soldier took from his pocket a leather purse, and offered it to me, saying, 'Give this to Julius Farley, — twenty dollars and a half; — tell him the half-dollar was little Nannie's. He may want money by this time.' I declined taking it, telling him I might not meet you. He then begged me, if I found you, to say the money was yours whenever you would send for it."

"He is a noble old soul!" said Julius.

"Pardon me for asking the question: Have you needed it?" added Mr. Leonardson.

Julius could say with truth that he had not. How soon he might, he did not say.

"Allow me to be your banker whenever your own banker is not at hand," said Mr. Leonardson. "I owe you more than gold can pay; you have made friends in Mary and myself for life. I am most fortunate in meeting you here at my friend's house, where I arrived last evening. Leave this testimonial with me; I will have it copied by a person accustomed to decipher illegible writing. Give yourself no uneasiness about the appointment. I think I can safely promise that you shall have it. Call to-morrow, at

my lodgings. I am only here this morning as a guest to my friend."

Mary shook hands with Julius at parting. "My father must say for me what I cannot express myself," were the only words she could utter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE.

FORTUNE favors the brave! True; if we substitute a more Christian name for the Power that favors the brave. Causes and effects are indissolubly united in the moral as well as the physical world: God's providence is over all.

The bravery of Julius was shown in leaving Elmlawn to seek the appointment at Washington. Next, he showed courage and presence of mind on board the burning steamer; then, determination in making his way to the Capital. Had he seated himself by the wayside, and given up with a "Boohoo! I can never succeed!" what would have been the consequence?

Again, there was boldness and persistency in his application to the honorable member.

"Be firm! One common element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic *pluck*."

His last dollar was in his pocket, yet Julius walked away from the house, when he had parted with Mr.

Leonardson, full of gratitude and hope. He held up his head, and walked off like the soldier he was — to be.

At the appointed hour, Julius, with a beating heart, asked for Mr. Leonardson, at the hotel he had named.

That gentleman came in with a face so bright and cheery as to dispel every doubt from the mind of Julius, even before he spoke.

“You have it! you have it!” he exclaimed. “I could not be more rejoiced at your success if you were my own son. Now don’t thank me, my boy; you have won it for yourself; the member is fully satisfied that you deserve the appointment.”

“And yet I must thank you a thousand times,” said Julius, looking towards the door, hoping to thank one other person. That other person did not appear.

I have a small souvenir for you from Mary,” Mr. Leonardson said, as he gave Julius a gold seal with a stone on which was engraven, “Gratitude.”

“Let me hear from you from time to time,” continued Mr. Leonardson; “and the first furlough you have, come and make us a visit. I will give you my address.”

“If I am able to pass my examination, you will be the first to be informed of it.” Julius then took leave.

As he was passing the post-office, it occurred to him that there was a possibility of his having a letter from Ruth. His mind had been so occupied with the one object he had in view, that he had not before thought to inquire. It was even so ; Ruth had not neglected him, as the following letter will testify.

“MR. JULIUS FARLEY, Washington, D. C. :—

“Elmlawn, July —, 18—.

“How could you leave us so suddenly, my dear cousin, without giving me the opportunity to say farewell ! I will not reproach you, however, for you were so kind as to inform me, in the letter you left, of your destination and your purpose in going to Washington.

“Three days after your departure, my eyes were wandering carelessly over the morning paper, when my attention was arrested by an account of the fearful disaster that had befallen the steamboat —, on the Hudson.

“I knew you must have embarked on that very boat ! The names of the passengers saved were given, but yours was not there. My eyes grew dim, I could scarcely read on ; but I did so, and through tears I read the account of a brave boy, ‘the name

unknown,' who saved the life of a young lady, and then aided a man who was struggling to reach the shore. My heart told me the brave boy was my own cousin Julius.

"Why did you not come back to me after that dreadful disaster? I fear you may have suffered in many ways since. I enclose fifty dollars. It is rightfully yours. Am I not in place of the departed one? *He* would have it so. Call upon me for whatever you need.

"Elmlawn is left to me desolate. My brother has gone to New Haven to enter Yale College.

"O my dear Julius! sorrows on sorrows darken my path; at times I cannot see the 'silver lining' of the cloud that hangs over me. I cannot yet be reconciled to my grievous loss. Pray for me! Pray for me!

"Devotedly, your cousin,

"RUTH.

"P. S. Thomas has just returned home. He could not pass the examination, and was rejected."

JULIUS'S LETTER, IN REPLY.

“Washington, July —, 18—.

“MY DEAR RUTH: Your very kind letter, with its enclosure, is just received.

“I was not so imprudent as to leave Elmlawn without money, and the prospect of a future supply; but just now your generous offer I accept *as a loan*. Do not call me proud, my own dear cousin. There is no person in the world from whom I would so soon accept a favor as from yourself; but there are reasons why I cannot accept your enclosure as a gift.

“Just before I left Elmlawn, I received a letter from the executor of my mother's estate. He informed me that the house and grounds belonging to it, which had been for several years unoccupied, he had rented at last for a good price, and that, after a certain time, which he named, I might expect to receive two or three hundred dollars a year. The house is the one in which I was born, and in which my dear mother passed her last days on earth. Of course, I was most thankful that it had been saved from the wreck of the estate. You see, then, dear Ruth, that I am amply provided for, *if* I can pass my examination at West Point. I have the appointment, and will tell you all about it, though it is a long story.”

Here Julius gave a full account of the burning of the steamboat, his journey to Washington, his application for the appointment, and his final success, through the influence of Mr. Leonardson.

“Forgive me for leaving you without saying ‘Farewell.’ There were reasons why it would have been trying to us both. And now, my dear Ruth, let us thank God for the past, and trust him for the future. I am sorry for Tom’s disappointment. Tell him to renew his studies, and try again.

“With unbounded affection, dear Cousin Ruth,

“Ever yours,

“JULIUS FARLEY.”

CHAPTER XIX.

WEST POINT.

WEST POINT! That lovely spot, hallowed by a thousand historical associations, who that has ever seen it can fail to cherish it in memory! Nature has been lavish in adorning it, and Art has been summoned efficiently to her aid. The beautiful parade-ground, level as the floor of a church, dotted with showy tents; the surrounding buildings peering out from among trees of luxuriant growth; among the quiet, innocent-looking grass, dark tokens of war, — cannons captured from enemies in far-off fields, cannons ready for future enemies, pyramids of cannon-balls, Cadets at their evening parade, with an inspiring band of music; — such was the scene on which the eye of Julius rested with delight.

He had sent his luggage to the hotel (the beloved knapsack was in his trunk), walked up the winding way to the hill-top, and now stood watching the exercise of the Cadets.

A sudden slap on the shoulder gave him a start, and made him turn, and look in the face of—Martin Hackerty.

“How are you, old fellow? Glad to see you!” was Martin’s hearty salutation.

Julius replied cordially to the greeting. It was a relief, among entire strangers, to see a familiar face. That face had wonderfully improved since the parting of Martin and Julius.

“How do you happen to be here, Martin?”

“I *happen* here just as you do, with malice aforethought. I, too, will be a soldier,” said Martin, laughing, and giving Julius another rousing thump on the back.

“Don’t beat the fact into me; I believe it on your assertion. When did you form this resolution?”

“The very moment that you told me of your own, and I have never wavered from it since, any more than yonder rocks have wavered at the roar of all the guns that have been fired on this hill.”

“And have you kept the other resolutions you then made as firmly?” inquired Julius, anxiously.

“I have; excepting when some forbidden words from old habit would slip out without my will now and then. I don’t drink, excepting wine in company, have read your Bible, but am not an out and out

Christian. I think, however, that I may claim your promise. When we met, if I kept the resolutions, we were to be devoted friends. Here's my hand, and my heart too; for better for worse, I am your *fides Achates*."

There was no resisting the genial advances of Martin. Julius grasped the offered hand, saying, "Thank you, Martin; I trust we shall both be the 'better,' and not the 'worse,' for this alliance."

The friends then walked off together, arm in arm, to the hotel.

The nature of Julius was keenly susceptible to mirth and joyousness. Deep as was the undercurrent of sadness, yet sparkling and bright was the surface. He had early been pressed down by a burden of care and trouble too heavy for his young shoulders, and now his spirits rose with a rebound.

Martin was two years older than Julius. There was a buoyancy in his step and an airiness in his whole appearance, that manifested, unmistakably, the gay young fellow. His clear blue eye was such as is often seen with a ruddy complexion and hair just *not red*. A winning smile displayed a fine set of teeth, and his address was pleasing. On the way to the hotel he informed Julius that he had been several days at West Point, and had made acquaint-

ance with several fine fellows, whom he had invited to take supper with him that evening. He told him that he had been living in Ohio, and received his appointment from a member of Congress from that State. Julius did not doubt, from the improvement in Martin's character, that he had been under good influences.

At the supper-party, amid a set of lively young fellows, the natural mirthfulness of Julius overflowed, and even Martin was surprised at his friend's fine social qualities. The evening passed on for a while in innocent hilarity, but gradually grew more and more jovial. The wine circulated freely. It was not *wine* that Julius was never to taste ! It was not *wine* that Martin had resolved not to touch ! An oath now and then fell upon the ear of Julius unheeded. Martin returned to his old habit, and became awfully profane.

Far into the night the revels proceeded. Alas ! the young revellers knew not when they passed the line beyond which the will and the conscience have no control, where the human being becomes as devoid of reason as the brute beast. They were fearfully intoxicated ; not one of them sober enough to find the way to his room without the aid of the waiters.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MORNING AFTER A REVEL.

THE next morning Julius was awakened by a smart shaking, and the cry, "Wake up! wake up, Julius! Here, it is nine o'clock, and the day of our examination."

"Let me alone!" exclaimed Julius, settling himself for another nap.

"No, no; I have let you alone as long as it will answer," continued Martin, giving the boy another shake.

"Where am I?" asked Julius, only half awake.

"At the hotel, West Point. Come, arouse yourself." So saying, Martin hauled Julius from the bed, where he had lain without undressing.

"O, I have a dreadful headache!" exclaimed the poor boy. "What ails me?"

"Why, you were gloriously drunk last night," said Martin, laughing.

"Horrible! How can you laugh, Martin?"

“Come, take off your coat, and let me brush it; change your other clothes; dip your head in cold water, then go down and take some strong coffee; I have ordered it; and you will be well enough.”

“Examination! How my head swims! I never can get through with my examination,” said Julius as he followed Martin’s directions.

“Yes you can; you are posted up in everything. Come along; the coffee will set you up.”

With those fine, dark eyes, red and bleary, cast down for shame, Julius appeared before the Examiners. His mind was confused, and he hesitated at questions he would otherwise have answered with promptness. In mathematics he was remarkably well prepared, but now he blundered and seemed a very poor scholar.

One of the Examiners whispered to another who was pressing hardly upon Julius with difficult problems: “Spare the boy; he is a noble fellow; I will tell you about him another time.”

Martin, who was by no means as well prepared in mathematics, passed a better examination.

It was very doubtful whether Julius would be admitted to the Academy.

He went to the hotel, and locked himself into his room. No mortal might intrude upon that hour of agonizing repentance and earnest prayer.

There was a knock at the door.

A gentleman had sent up his card, — “Professor B——,” — and wished to see Julius Farley in his own room.

“Ask him to walk up,” said Julius, much wondering why the Professor called upon him.

The gentleman who now cordially addressed Julius was Professor of Mathematics in ——— University.

“I received a letter yesterday,” said he, “from my friend Mr. Leonardson, enclosing a testimonial from the principal of the school in which you have been a pupil. You know he had it deciphered from the original. The principal, in addition to your distinguished reputation as a scholar, mentions your high moral worth. This is confirmed by my friend, Mr. Leonardson, who gives an account of your heroic conduct at the time of the burning of the steamboat. You were exceedingly embarrassed to-day before our Board, and failed in your examination. After the candidates for admission had left, I begged permission of the Board of Examiners to read to them my

letter and its enclosure. They were much in your favor; but the marks were against you, and you are in danger of being rejected."

"I deserve it," replied Julius, with profound humility.

"But I have asked permission to give you a private examination, in consideration of your youth. You failed most in mathematics, where you are known to be remarkably talented. A friend of yours, whom I met in the parlor below just now, told me he was at school with you, and, though two years younger than himself, you were always in advance of him in all your studies."

"Do you know, sir, why I failed in my examination?" asked Julius, with an expression of deep despondency.

"Because you were frightened," was the reply.

"No, sir; for the first and only time in my life, I was intoxicated last night," was the humble, sorrowful confession; "and this morning my head ached, and was so confused that I did not know anything. I do not deserve what has been my ardent wish for years."

And the boy, in spite of his desire to be manly, burst into tears.

"You were led by others into that miserable condition," suggested the Professor.

"I blame only myself."

"I admire your honest frankness. I find by the testimonial that you are further advanced in mathematics than is required for admission to the Academy. I will give you an examination this evening."

"Why not now, this moment?" said Julius, eagerly.

"Your friend told me you had taken neither breakfast nor dinner to-day; it will be better for you to come to my room in this hotel at eight o'clock this evening."

Just then there was a knock at the door.

It was Martin, whose patience would hold out no longer.

"You are engaged; perhaps I intrude," said Martin.

"No; come in. I have something special to say to you; take a seat," said the Professor, gravely.

"Martin Hackerty," he continued, "it seems you enticed your young friend, last night, into bad company."

"Did he say so?" demanded Martin, passionately.

"He did not."

"Well, then, it is true; I did."

“You see what the consequences are, — he failed in his examination, and is in danger of being rejected.”

“O, sir! it was very cruel in me to place Julius in the way of temptation. He never drinks, he never swears, and I should have done both all through the last two years if it had not been for him. I owe it to him that I first thought of being a soldier; I owe it to his example that I was now able to pass my examination.”

Martin then eloquently set forth what had been the uniform conduct of Julius at school, and how enthusiastic he had been in his admiration of heroism, and his desire to serve his country.

“Last night I was released from my promise to Julius,” continued Martin, “and I thought we would have a gay time together with some acquaintances I had made here at West Point. I did not expect to carry it so far.”

“Ah, there it is, my young friends; you are always in danger of going too far; it is better not to begin. Soldiers, of all men, ought to be temperate men. How is an officer fit to command when his head is confused as yours was this morning, Farley? What dreadful consequences must result from his

habitual intoxication? What a shocking example he sets to his subordinates. No one thing has done so much evil in the world as strong drink."

"We only took wine," said Martin.

"Yet you were intoxicated. It would be better for you to refrain from what is in itself a good thing, if you make a bad use of it."

"I am ready to renew my promise; I will not take any intoxicating drinks while I am a cadet at West Point. What say you, Julius,—shall we make the agreement?"

"How can I have confidence in myself, after having been so miserably weak and wicked?" exclaimed the penitent boy.

"Try again, try again, my good fellow," said the Professor, encouragingly, "and do not trust entirely in your own strength. Moral principles are not strong enough to restrain from evil; Christian principles must come to their aid. Now, on this very spot, enlist in the service of the Captain of your Salvation; and if you are faithful to him, you will be faithful to your country. War is a tremendous evil, but, in the present state of the world, a necessary evil. We need heroic Christian soldiers, such as was our own Washington. May the time never

come when it shall be scornfully said of *us*, that we are a 'nation of shopkeepers.' We must encourage a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism and admiration for courage and magnanimity."

"I understand, Farley," he continued, "that you make the same resolution as your friend with regard to intoxicating drinks."

"I do, most solemnly," was the reply.

"I have no doubt you will keep it; and I advise you both to add a resolution against tobacco in all its loathsome forms. Come to me, Farley, at the appointed hour, and meantime don't be too anxious about the result."

The Professor then laid a slip of paper on the table, saying: "I made an extract from the works of Charles Lamb, not long since, in which he relates his own mournful experience; I leave it with you for your thoughtful perusal."

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry to all those who have set a foot on the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening season of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look

into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will to his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin, — could he see my fevered eye, feverish with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

CHAPTER XXI

"PLEEBS."

JULIUS remained in a state of anxiety and suspense for several days, but was at last relieved; he was regularly a Cadet at the West Point Academy.

Instead of entering with the *prestige* with which he might have entered, had it not been for that most unfortunate carouse, he had only been admitted in consequence of the kindness of Professor B——, who examined him in mathematics. True, he surprised even the learned Professor by some of his demonstrations, and solved problems at a glance that would have made many a university student stare, and, to use their own term, "fizzle."

Moreover, he was considered by the wilder set of cadets as "hail fellow, well met." His boon companions at Martin's supper had so reported him.

At that time the new class, the "Plebs" (*plebs*), as they are called, were subjected to even more

tormentation than the *fags* in an English school. The evil has been partially remedied, yet there is a strong desire on the part of the class who have advanced one grade, to play the same tricks on the "Pleeb's" that they received from their predecessors.

Not long after Julius had worn "the button," — which, by the way, he wore as proudly as ever knight-errant of old wore his lady's favor, — a ribbon or scarf, — he was to be initiated into some of the mysteries of West Point.

While sleeping soundly in his tent, he was suddenly grasped by the feet and dragged out of bed. He had previously resolved to submit quietly to any infliction he was not strong enough to resist. He was in the hands of four or five, and made neither struggle nor outcry. They dragged him over the ground, his head going

"Knickerty knock, like a pebble in Carisbrook well."

"I believe the fellow is asleep," said one of his tormentors.

"Lift him up!" cried another.

So they raised up his feet in the air and held him with his head on the ground. Still no struggle, no outcry.

"How are you, fellow?" demanded another.

"Perpendicular! Apex reversed," answered Julius.

This reply was followed by suppressed laughter, and then the remark, "You seem to like your position."

"I prefer the horizontal, if it is equally agreeable to yourselves," calmly replied Julius.

"There's no fun where the fellow takes it so coolly," whispered one of the Cadets; "let's try another."

So they let go, and down came Julius at full length upon the ground.

In the same manner as they had dragged Julius out of bed, they attempted to draw Martin. But he kicked and scratched and bit and spit, all to no purpose; his tormentors were only the more determined; they dragged him along, in spite of shrieks and howls loud enough to echo from Fort Putnam.

"He's a tall, slim fellow," said one; "let's run him into a big gun; that will stop his yells."

No sooner said than done. They forced his head into the mouth of a cannon, and might have proceeded further, had they not been suddenly interrupted. A number of the "Pleebs" whom Julius had sum-

moned to his aid suddenly came upon them, armed with canes, and obliged them to desist, and defend themselves.

Martin, though bruised and stunned, rose to his feet, and was surprised to see Julius flourishing a big cane among the Cadets who had just been ramming him into the cannon, and that the blows came with effect from the strong arm of his friend.

The Pleebs came off conquerors; the tormentors fled. Julius had received a cut on the back of his head from a sharp stone, but in his eagerness to rescue Martin he had not noticed it; the blood flowed freely over the dressing-gown he had thrown on in haste, and a faintness followed which obliged him to depend upon Martin to lead him to his tent.

Martin bound up the head of Julius with his handkerchief, and together they walked over the parade-ground, wondering much how the older class could find pleasure in such cruelty. Julius ever after bore a scar as a memorial of that night's adventure.

From this time the two friends were called Damon and Pythias.

Whether the same set who had been foiled in their first attempt at teasing Julius, or another set with similar *tastes* for tormenting Pleebs, Julius did not

know; at all events, he was subjected to another visitation.

Early one morning, he found a note in his tent with these few words, "Take care to cover your head to-night, but keep it out of bed, face up."

During the day, Julius made a mask of pasteboard and painted it, so that it looked natural enough to deceive any one by a dim light. When he went to bed, he put on the mask. It had no opening for the eyes; they were painted closed, and so was the mouth; the only breathing-place was at the nostrils. He then tied on a night-cap which covered the rest of his head, and kept the mask firm in its place.

For more than an hour he lay in expectation of his visitors, — very uncomfortable, of course, with his pasteboard mask. He began to think the note was a hoax, when he heard low whispers near him. Presently the light of a dark-lantern was thrown upon his face. He breathed regularly and quietly, without moving a muscle. He knew some one was near him performing some kind of operation, and, judging from the smell, they were painting his face!

They had taken great pains not to awaken him, having even warmed the paint, lest a cold application should disturb him. They drew the soft brush

carefully over the upturned face and left him, saying, "He never stirred; he sleeps like the Seven Sleepers, or Rip Van Winkle."

"A handsome nigger he'll be on parade to-morrow," said another.

After a while Julius carefully removed the mask, and went quietly to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, behold! the mask was entirely black, and the paint perfectly dry! What an escape! Julius never knew who gave him the friendly warning that saved him from having his face in the same condition. During the day, he observed many inquiring glances cast towards him, followed by looks, interchanged, of extreme surprise. He overheard one of the Cadets say to another, "How did the fellow get the paint off?" and turning suddenly, Julius replied, "I'll give you the recipe when you need it."

This was followed by a hearty laugh on both sides. The recipe was never called for; and to this day the Cadets who did the mischief do not know by what process Julius removed the black paint which was put upon his face.

Another mode these bad fellows had of tormenting Julius still worse. They said they would "swear him away from West Point." Accordingly,

whenever they had an opportunity, they used the most awfully profane language in his presence. Poor Julius was more grieved by these assaults than by the attacks upon his person. There were many honorable exceptions among the Cadets ; but profanity was so common, that they seemed generally to have lost all sense of its sinfulness. Martin found more difficulty in keeping his resolution in this respect than in any other ; so easily is this shocking habit acquired, so difficult is it to be overcome.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

LETTER FROM JULIUS FARLEY TO RUTH ROLAND.

"MY DEAR COUSIN RUTH: I enclose the fifty dollars you were so kind as to send me while I was in Washington. You know I accepted it gratefully as a loan, and it came to me when I was in need. Now I have no manner of use for it. The executor, of whom I wrote to you, sent me one hundred dollars, which (with the addition of the clothing in the big trunk you were so kind as to forward to me), was quite sufficient for my outfit, and to leave enough in the hands of the commissary for future needs. We receive, as Cadets, thirty dollars per month, and that is enough for all our expenses. We have no use for money. The government, like a kind father, takes excellent care of us, and the benefits come to us like the rain and the dew, without our perceiving from whence they come. With few exceptions, I like

this military academy exceedingly. We can here receive an excellent education, quite as good as at a college, and for my tastes much better. I have become very fond of drawing, and, what will no doubt amuse you, am adding to other accomplishments, dancing. This last is a part of our regular course. You would have laughed at the awkward attempts of our strapping six-footers when they first commenced tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe.' They soon learn, however, to move with ease, if not with remarkable grace. I have had to undergo a severe initiation to the mysteries of *Plebeianism*. This I will explain to you when we meet.

"I hope Cousin Tom is attending to his studies, so that he can enter college at the next commencement. It would be a misfortune to him not to have a profession. He has my best wishes.

"Forgive me, dear Ruth, for writing such a cold, formal letter. I do not like these *bothersome* pecuniary matters, between friends; they make me feel stiff and constrained.

"Have you been to see my good friend Sergeant Moses and sweet little Nannie? If you have not, please do so for my sake, and give them most affectionate remembrances from me.

“Write to me soon, and frequently, dear Ruth. You can scarcely imagine how exceedingly welcome your letters are to

“Yours, devotedly,

“JULIUS FARLEY.”

This first year was to Julius one of much vexation, in consequence of his misadventure at the hotel on his arrival at West Point. Beside having just escaped rejection at his examination, the knowledge of that unfortunate *spree* came by some means to the professors of the Academy, and he was suspiciously watched by them. But that was not the worst consequence. The more unprincipled among the Cadets claimed him as of their “set,” but when they found that he avoided them, they became his enemies, and annoyed him in a thousand ways. With all these disadvantages, before the close of the year Julius had succeeded in gaining the approbation of all the professors and the respect of his comrades. It could not be otherwise; for consistency of character, and decision with regard to what is right, with kind, conciliatory manners, never fail to win respect.

“Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.”

Martin wielded the weapon of ridicule to ward off many an attack upon his younger friend, in a war of words ; and Julius amply repaid him for his championship by aiding Martin in his studies, and cheering him on to keep his good resolutions. They were very willing to be called "the inseparables," — Damon and Pythias.

Julius pursued the same course with his companions now, that he had done at school : he never *lectured*, or reproved them, excepting by example. And that example had much more influence for good than he would have believed possible. It strengthened the weak in their endeavors to do right ; it excited the ambitious to greater and more persistent efforts to gain a high standing in their class. To be good is to do good, anywhere and everywhere.

The first year of trial was ended. Julius and Martin were no longer Plebs ; they magnanimously resolved not to inflict upon their successors to the opprobrious term any of the vexations to which they had themselves been subjected.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRACEFUL AND DISGRACEFUL.

JULIUS had been at West Point more than a year, and not a single visitor had made inquiry for him. It was therefore a very agreeable surprise when one morning he received a note from Ruth, informing him that she and her brother were at the hotel. He immediately applied for a "permit" to go there to see his friends, which was readily granted. It was a pleasant meeting, though somewhat marred by the intolerable insolence of Tom, who *attempted* to be very severe on the uniform of the Cadet, and his "fine airs."

After the usual greetings and inquiries, Julius said: "I should like to bring a friend of mine to see you; my own particular,—my *alter ego*, as he calls himself."

"I thought you would despise Latin here, at this blood-and-thunder place," replied Tom, with one of his habitual sneers. "I despise the dead lingoes everywhere; but who is your friend?"

"One whom you were pleased formerly to acknowledge as your own,—Martin Hackerty."

"Martin Hackerty!" Tom and Ruth both exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, the very same; shall I ask him to call on you?"

"You need n't do it; I'll write a note to him myself," replied Tom, consequentially.

TOM'S NOTE TO CADET HACKERTY.

"OLD CRONY: I know you have n't *forgot* me,—Thomas Roland of Elmlawn. We had too much royal fun together for that. I am up to snuff still, and hope you are, though that milksop, Jule, *clames* you as his most *particerler* friend. Ruth and I will be glad to have you call *immediately* at the hotel.

"Yours, truly,

"TOM ROLAND."

While Tom had gone to write the note, Ruth said: "I am greatly surprised, Julius, that you have chosen Martin Hackerty for your friend; either you or he must have changed in character since you met at Elmlawn."

"Years have passed since," said Julius, "and we may have both altered. He was then a boy of sixteen; now he is in his twentieth year. He was then mischievous, ready for a frolic, and was considered a wit. He had one disgusting vice,—profanity. As a foundation for a better character, he was truthful, generous, and warm-hearted. I beg of you to lay aside prejudice, and see my friend as he is."

Tom returned, having despatched his *elegant* note to Martin.

"I suppose your friend can rip out an oath as bravely as ever," said he. "It 's a part of a soldier's duty to be profane."

"It is a part of a soldier's duty to obey the ten commandments. We do not erase the third from the Decalogue," replied Julius.

"Let me think what that is. It is so long since I said my catechism, I really don't remember it. I thought by this time they would have made a jolly fellow of you here. You *was n't* the right stuff; you are just as prim and puritanical as ever. I hope you have n't spoiled Martin; he was a brick, and no mistake."

Ruth looked sorrowfully at her brother, but did not

rebuke him ; she had long since given that up as a hopeless task.

The oaths with which Tom plentifully desecrated his conversation are omitted.

A tall young man, at least six feet two, came in, and bowed gracefully to Ruth. His gray uniform fitted well his fine figure ; his countenance was frank and pleasing.

Surely this could not be Martin Hackerty !

Julius regarded him with proud satisfaction.

"Excuse me," said Ruth ; "I did not, at first, recognize *Mr. Hackerty* !"

Tom, who was still of the "roly-poly" style, short and thick, looked up at the tall Cadet with envy.

"Why, Martin, is it you ?" said he. "Get yourself razeed ; you are too tall for anything but a barber's pole."

"I may get razeed, as you call it, Tom, one of these days. Many a soldier comes out of battle a head shorter than he went in." Then, turning to Ruth, Martin said : "You do not appear to me to have changed at all since that memorable evening when I made such a fool of myself before you. How strange it is that boys should be ashamed of their better feelings ! At that very time, when I was making myself

ridiculous, I would gladly have appeared to advantage in your company; but I had to sustain the character of a merry-andrew among my schoolmates."

"Ridiculous!" retorted Tom. "You *was* the life and soul of the company, and I was right glad I asked you without permission. Ruth thought you was a 'naughty boy,' because your jokes were not fit for girls to hear. Come, come, don't look so shame-faced; you are as red as claret, or old port. By the way, come and take supper with me here to-night. I know two or three real rollicking fellows from the city, who are staying at this hotel; come, and we'll have a right jolly time."

Martin and Julius exchanged glances; they knew, quite too well, what was meant by a "right jolly time." They had not entered the hotel till now, since the *sad* jolly time that had been followed by such unpleasant consequences. How hard it is to remove the stains made by sin and folly! Martin had darker, deeper stains on his early character than Julius. At this moment, in the presence of Ruth, they looked to him more ugly than ever before. Julius regarded Martin with some anxiety, to know what reply he would make to the invitation Tom had given him.

"Thank you, Tom; I am engaged this evening," said he.

"Another evening will do as well. They have at this hotel, I suppose, Champagne, Burgundy, Chateau Margeau, and so forth, and so forth. I'll give you a rousing treat. Ask as many of your *fast men* as you please. I tell you, we'll make a night of it."

(*Fast men* of seventeen years of age! *Fast men*, indeed!)

"I don't drink wine, Tom," replied Martin.

"Not drink wine! Then you shall have whiskey, brandy, or old Jamaica."

"You go it *strong*, Mr. Roland; but I must decline. I am an advocate for temperance," replied Martin, pleasantly.

"Well, now, I never supposed being a Cadet at West Point would so completely spoil a good fellow. I should n't wonder, after all, if it has n't been the doing of that piece of piety, Julius Farley!"

"I am indebted to my friend, Julius Farley, for more than I could name at present," said Martin, giving Julius a glance that told plainer than words of grateful remembrances.

"I wonder if you don't think it sinful to smoke a cigar, or chew a *cud* of tobacco?"

"I think it a dirty, disgusting practice to chew tobacco," replied Martin.

Tom rolled the *cud*, as he called it, around his mouth, and spirted the nasty juice upon the carpet, spitting defiance at his quondam friend.

It is not strange that Martin rose every moment in Ruth's estimation during this conversation.

"Would you like to make the tour of our West Point this morning, Cousin Ruth?" asked Julius; "we happen not to be on duty, and can attend you."

Ruth assented to the proposal, and went to prepare herself. They asked Tom to accompany them.

"No," said he, "I hate seeing the lions; I'll take a cigar here on the piazza, or stroll away by myself."

Martin was about to say, "I am sorry you admire such poor company," but forbore.

Tom was like the travelled stork in the fable, who, going over many beautiful countries, saw nothing, and could tell of nothing but the dirty pools from which he drank, and the fat frogs that he guzzled down on his journeys. Tom was a complete guzzletonian, a hero among guzzletonians; not a boy in the country could boast of having eaten more good things during his boyhood; and as for drink, — alas! alas!

Between the two cadets Ruth walked

parade-ground. What a pleasure it was to them to escort a beautiful young lady ! How enviously some of their companions looked after them !

Ruth was still in mourning, relieved in part by white, and lilac, which was becoming to her delicate complexion. The exhilarating air gave a glow to her usually pale cheeks, and the pleasure of seeing Julius, animation to her countenance, and sparkling brightness to her dark blue eyes.

The trophies of war, in the room devoted to their exhibition, called forth Ruth's enthusiasm, and her admiration for heroism.

"Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, New Orleans, Palo Alto, Churubusco ! How delighted our old friend Sergeant Moses would be to see these trophies of the valor of our soldiers !" she exclaimed, with a bright glow on her expressive face.

"Then you know my friend, the fine old soldier," said Julius.

"Indeed I do," answered Ruth ; "I have been to his cottage very frequently, and sweet little Nannie has passed whole days with me at Elmlawn."

The reminiscences called up in the mind of Martin were not so agreeable as they might have been.

"I could always find subjects of conversation,"

continued Ruth, "that deeply interested the Sergeant."

"New Orleans and General Jackson," suggested Julius, laughing.

"He has another hero, now, whom he never tires talking about, and Nannie joins with him most enthusiastically," said Ruth with a smile, and a significant glance towards Julius.

"One Martin Hackerty, is it not, who made a magnanimous return for a fine treat of strawberries?" asked Martin, with a comical sobriety of countenance.

"I never heard him mention the magnanimous act," said Ruth, well remembering herself the bill that was sent in for "four quarts of strawberries."

"Let bygones be bygones, Martin; were you to see the nice old soldier now, you would admire him as much as we do. How is it with Nannie?" continued Julius, turning to Ruth; "does she like to read with her fingers as well as ever?"

"O yes indeed; I have purchased her several books with raised letters, and she delights in them; but she has still greater fondness for music, for which she has uncommon talent. It has been a great pleasure to me during the past year to teach her."

“How very kind!” exclaimed Martin.

“Not so; as I said, it has been my greatest pleasure and my only amusement for many months. I have promised her grandfather to take charge of her when he is called away.”

“That will be a great relief to his mind. He often said, ‘What will become of my poor blind Nannie when I am gone?’ I, of course, could not answer the sad question, and I am a thousand times obliged to you, Ruth, for setting his mind at rest.”

“My brother is very kind to poor Nannie,” said Ruth, her color rising and her countenance betraying a singular mingling of sadness and pleasure. It was the one redeeming trait in Tom’s character: he was exceedingly kind to the unfortunate child.

The three went next to visit the Chapel. It struck Ruth, at first sight, that there was here a strange mingling of the secular and the sacred, the military and the religious. She remembered having seen, when she was quite young, the same mingling of seeming opposites in cathedrals and chapels in England.

There are niches in the side walls of the West Point Chapel in which are colors taken by our soldiers in battles, varied in their rich hues, and gilded

ornaments. On the walls are black tablets with the names of distinguished American generals, and the time of their birth and death in gilt letters, — simple but touching memorials of departed valor and patriotism, —

“Immortal names, that were not born to die,—”

Putnam, Lafayette, Green, Marion, Mercer, Stark.

“Stark!” exclaimed Julius: —

‘The Green Mountaineer, — the Stark of Bennington! —

When on the field his band the Hessians fought,

Briefly he spoke before the fight began:

“Soldiers! Those German gentlemen are bought,

For four pound eight and seven-pence per man,

By England’s king, — a bargain, as is thought.

Are we worth more? Let’s prove it, now we can,

For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,

OR MARY STARK’S A WIDOW!” — It was done.’

Is n’t that a glorious ending to the stanza? — real Spartan, — ‘*It was done!*’” said Julius, glowing with enthusiasm.

“Who is the author? I don’t remember to have heard it before,” inquired Martin.

“Our own poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of Marco Bozzaris, that famous piece for school-boys recitation,” replied Julius.

"I remember now my spouting it without much feeling, and wondering to see you, Julius, so excited by it," said Martin.

"I do not see a tablet here with the name of my hero of heroes. Why is it?" asked Ruth, as she sought in vain for the name of Washington.

"Being first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, it may have been thought that *there was monumentum ære perennius*, and none was needed here," replied Martin.

"Since Julius has just been poetical, and Mr. Hackerty classical, I think I may be pardoned for reciting three stanzas from the pen of an English poetess, — Eliza Cook.

'Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his
wreath,

He lived a heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death;
France had its eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambitious flight, and dipped in murder's
gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained
the waves,

Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of
slaves;

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded
on, —

O, where shall be their "glory" by the side of WASHINGTON?

‘ He fought, *but not with love of strife* ; he struck but to defend ;
And ere he turned a people’s foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country’s right by reason’s gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge sword to
sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of WASHINGTON!

‘ No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief,
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mark a noble WASHINGTON! ’ ’

“Glorious for an Englishwoman!” exclaimed Julius. “Why, you might have written those splendid lines yourself, Cousin Ruth.”

"Thank you ; I particularly like the line,

'He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend.'

That is what you soldiers are to do for your country, if 'fell injustice throws the challenge.' These memorials of the brave must make your hearts throb with a desire to imitate their noble deeds, and in time have your own names placed here."

Martin bowed profoundly, rejoicing that he had

chosen the profession of arms, and having a new motive to emulate the examples so beautifully placed before him by Ruth.

They then visited the Gallery of Paintings.

"All these, with a very few exceptions, were painted by Cadets of our Military Academy," said Julius, with genuine *esprit du corps*; "we are thought to excel in this department, — one Cadet Hackerty, especially."

As they were returning from their walk, they saw Tom having an altercation with one of the sentinels on guard at the parade-ground. On hastening to the spot they heard Tom crying out, "I say, I will walk where I please!" followed by a tremendous oath.

"You shall not!" cried the guard, pointing his bayonet toward him.

Martin seized Tom by the collar; as he did so, Tom brought round his big fist and struck Martin in the face.

"You are forbidden to walk within the guard-houses. Come with me to the hotel," said Martin, calmly and decidedly, at the same time dragging him back, saying, "Don't disgrace yourself, Tom."

"You have become a complete milk-sot yourself," cried Tom.

A crowd began to assemble to see what was going on, and Julius hurried with Ruth to the hotel. He returned in time to aid Martin in his efforts to persuade, or rather to force, Tom to walk to the hotel; for some of his favorite wines or stronger drinks had rendered walking no very easy matter for Tom. With some difficulty they led him to his room and locked him in. Julius then went to Ruth, who had taken refuge in a retired walk at a short distance from the hotel. He found her weeping at the disgraceful conduct of her brother.

Without appearing to notice her tears, he expatiated on the beauty of the prospect, as they caught occasional glimpses of the river, or looked down into deep, wild ravines. Somewhat abruptly he said: "What do you think of my friend Martin, and of our alliance? Do you disapprove of it?"

"No, Julius; I am glad you have so true and so good a friend. He is not what I expected he would be."

"But you don't speak warmly enough: he is a noble fellow."

"That will do better for you to say than for me, on so short an acquaintance."

"I hope this is only the beginning of an acquaint-

ance which will convince you that I do not over-estimate my friend. There are many fine young men here, talented, warm-hearted, patriotic, but none that I would so soon choose for my bosom-friend as Hackerty. He is a general favorite, too. He has not a particle of harshness in his nature ; and if he should ever have a command, his soldiers would almost idolize him. You may smile, Ruth, but he is all that I say, and more."

"I do not smile incredulously," said Ruth.

"Julius," she continued, "I wish we could persuade Tom to take his departure from this place to-morrow. I cannot leave him here, and it is too sad and disgraceful for me to remain with him."

"I cannot aid you, Ruth ; he would only be the more disposed to remain, if I were to suggest that it would be well for him to leave."

When Tom was well sobered, Martin unlocked the door of his room, and had a kind, friendly talk with him ; but all to no purpose. He remained some days longer at West Point, and further disgraced himself by some ridiculous pranks. It was a great relief to many, besides his friends, when he was safely on his way homeward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

It was the first furlough that our Cadets Julius and Martin had received. They travelled together to New York, and there separated. Martin went to his home in Ohio, Julius to visit Mr. Leonardson. Many letters had passed between this gentleman and Julius, and the invitation given in Washington had been frequently repeated.

Mr. Leonardson resided in Pennsylvania. It was a "sweet home." And what made it so? Not the magnificence of the mansion, for it was a plain, comfortable country house. Not the extent and beauty of the grounds; excepting some fine old trees, a small flower-garden, and a large orchard, there were no "grounds," — certainly not enough for landscape-gardening; yet there was an air of neatness and refinement about the exterior of the place that corresponded with the air of the interior.

What made it so sweet a home?

The intelligence, the taste, the love, the goodness, that reigned there.

Mary Leonardson was the oldest of seven children. The mother was a delicate woman, who would have been burdened with care had it not been for the aid of Mary, who bore much of the burden on her own shoulders, and was like a second mother to the younger children.

“A good daughter! There are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. A good daughter is the steady light of her parent’s house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly loves to have rendered, because they are unpretending, but all-expressive proofs of love.”

Such was the home where Julius was most cordially received.

Two of the younger boys, Jack and Harry, as

they were familiarly called, ran down to the gate to meet him, as he alighted from the stage-coach.

His portmanteau was thrown off, and the boys snatched it up to carry it to the house.

"Why, now, it is n't the old knapsack after all," said Jack.

"I thought, *mister*, you always wore a soldier's knapsack. Sister Mary said you did," added Harry.

"Not always," replied Julius, much amused.

"But you did when you *swum* with one, and saved our Mary from being *drowned*," cried the younger boy.

"You shouldn't say *drowned*," whispered Harry.

"Then you have heard that story," said Julius.

"Yes, a thousand times," replied Jack.

"A million times," added Harry, vehemently.

"She said you were the best and courageousest boy that ever lived," said the younger.

By this time they were at the door, and Julius, quite embarrassed at thus having his praises trumpeted in his hearing, met Mr. Leonardson and Mary on the threshold. Their reception was as cordial as though he had been a son and a brother. Mrs. Leonardson was just behind them, and, without waiting for an introduction, grasped the hand

of Julius with both her own, and with tears in her eyes welcomed him to her home.

The morning after his arrival, the small boys were whispering together at the breakfast-table, and looking quite dissatisfied.

Harry said, "He don't wear a soldier-cap, and looks just like other folks."

Mr. Leonardson overheard the remark; he saw that Julius was dressed in the neatest possible manner, as a civilian; by the way, he was always remarkably neat in his person and dress.

"These boys have so long heard of you as a hero," said Mr. Leonardson, laughing, "that they expected to see you a giant in size, wearing a cocked hat with ten tall feathers, and a flaming suit of scarlet, with buttons as big as a silver dollar, — did n't you, boys?"

"No, I did n't," replied Harry, with a mortified air.

"I did," cried Jack; "but he looks like a big boy dressed in everybody's clothes."

There was a general laugh at Jack's expense.

Mary said: "It is not size that makes a hero, Jack. Bonaparte was a small man, and so was Alexander the *Great*. What would you have said,

Harry, to see Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia, in the dress of a ship-carpenter, working in a ship-yard?"

"I should say he ought to have been ashamed of himself," replied Harry, warmly.

"I am ashamed of you, my boy," exclaimed his father. "Have n't you had for a copy in your writing-book, —

'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
All else is leather or prunella'?"

"Yes, father; but I never knew what it meant."

"It means, that if a man is worthy of respect, he is just as much so dressed in a suit of leather, or of coarse woollen stuff, as in the finest broadcloth. 'The man's the man for all that and all that,' says the poet Burns."

"What would you think, boys, of a hero in a brown-linen suit, without a hat to his head or shoes to his feet?" asked Mary, roguishly.

"I know who you mean! I know who you mean!" shouted Harry, pointing at Julius, and winking one eye at his younger brother.

"Yes, I know too; but I wish he would wear his soldier-clothes," said Jack.

"If it will please you, I will; but it is only a

gray suit, with shining buttons, and some stripes of gold-lace on the sleeves."

"You will oblige the boy," said the mother.

"Certainly, madam; they shall be gratified."

So, after a few hours, Julius walked out with Harry and Jack, their sister by his side. The boys were now quite delighted; they ran before and looked up at him with entirely a different view of the *subject*,—wide open eyes and mouths, and pride in being with him. A few strips of gold-lace have wonderful influence in dazzling the eyes of children of a larger growth.

It cannot be denied that Mary's admiration of her young hero was somewhat increased, though she would have despised herself if she had not received him with equal cordiality in the brown-linen suit. Before this visit, she admired his presence of mind and his courage, and was exceedingly grateful to him for having saved her life. Her imagination had given him other attributes, which a further acquaintance proved to be realities.

After having passed two of the most charming weeks of his whole life, Julius left the happy home with a promise to pay another visit.

"A longer one, after your course at West Point is completed," said Mr. Leonardson.

"Thank you, sir; my very first visit, unless duty calls me away to the service to which I am pledged. But if — if —"

"Shakespeare says, '*But if* is a traitor, to bring forth some monstrous malefactor'; now what says the traitor '*But if* —'?"

"*If* I am so unfortunate, or so undeserving, as to take a low grade, I should not like to make my appearance here," replied Julius, very seriously.

"I am certain you will not be kept from us on that account. What say you, Mary?"

Thus unexpectedly, and unsuitably, as she thought, called upon, she answered hastily, with the color brightening her glowing cheeks: "He will *prove* the traitor '*But if*' false."

"You give me an additional motive to exertion," said Julius, in a low voice.

The "farewells" were all said. The two boys lugged the portmanteau to the gate. The hero had won their love and admiration, even when he had doffed his uniform.

After the stage-coach started, he heard Harry, screaming at the top of his voice, "Do please wear the old knapsack when you come again."

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

“DON'T talk to me of subordination! Am I to bend and cringe to an officer who swears at me and treats me as if I were his slave?”

“You are angry, Martin. Come, sit down with me and explain.”

Julius seated himself on the steps of the Chapel, but Martin continued standing, his eyes flashing, and his face fiery red.

“You are angry; perhaps you will tell me your grievances when you are more calm.”

“Angry! I have a right to be angry. I made some small blunder on parade, and Major —— came to me, seized me by the shoulder, and cursed me right and left, up and down,” replied Martin, gesticulating like a madman.

“And what did you say to him?”

“I told him he was a fool.”

“What will be the consequence?”

“I neither know nor care. I suppose I shall be sent away, dismissed, expelled, or whatever they call it, — degraded, at any rate.”

“Come, now, Martin, sit down and listen to me calmly.”

“No, I will not.”

Julius leaned his head upon his hand; the tears started to his eyes; his love for Martin was deep and strong. There was silence for several minutes, during which Martin strode away hastily, then returned more slowly, and placed himself in front of Julius, exclaiming: “Well, what has my Mentor to say! I suppose the young Telemachus must listen!”

“No, Martin; we speak as friend to friend. You think the Major insulted you?”

“Think! I know he did.”

“And you insulted him?”

“I told him the truth. He *is* a confounded fool!”

“That was a gross insult to a superior. We are subordinates, and should invariably practise obedience; it is one of the first duties of a soldier. Without strict obedience to officers, what would become of an army?”

“You mistake; it was not an act of disobedience that caused the Major to use me so harshly. It was a mere blunder from inattention on my part.”

"You must confess that you deserved the reprimand."

"Suppose I did, could n't he have done it like a gentleman?"

"Suppose you had borne the reprimand like a gentleman, and not have returned 'railing for railing'; suppose you had calmly expressed regret for your carelessness; he would have been reproved by your self-command, and felt ashamed of his own conduct."

"I could n't have done it, if the whole world had been offered me at that moment," said Martin, vehemently.

"Is a man fit for a soldier, who thus loses self-command? You know the old adage, 'If you would command others, learn to command yourself.' Obedience and self-command are as necessary to the soldier as breath is to sustain human life."

"*'Wise saws'*; and now for the '*modern instance, yourself.*'"

"Don't let the *saw* irritate," said Julius, playfully.

"Nor the '*modern instance*' either," retorted Martin, with a smile. He was relenting.

"Perhaps the Major would accept an apology," mildly suggested Julius.

"He ought to make one to me; he was a thousand

times more to blame than I was. Swearing, too, before the whole company ! Despicable ! ”

“ Show yourself brave and noble. Write an apology, or I fear you may be sent away.”

“ Then the motive would be fear, craven fear. I can’t do it, Julius ; I can’t, indeed.”

“ No, you would have a higher motive ; a desire to do what is just and right. The Major was wrong to be angry, and to use harsh and profane language ; show your magnanimity by acknowledging yourself in the wrong, and by that light he will see his own error. No one doubts your physical courage, Martin ; prove that your moral courage even exceeds it.”

“ Ah, Julius, you do not know what it is to have such a hurricane of a temper as I have. I have used rash and unkind words to you while in this passion, and you have met them with calmness and kindness. Indeed, you have no violent temper to contend with.”

“ My good mother could have told you a different story. She had great trouble in endeavoring to subdue my quick and fiery temper ; and I have still the same trouble ; bit and bridle are still necessary for me.”

“ Who would have thought it ? You keep a tight

rein, then. Well, Jule, I'll go and see what kind of an apology I can make, for I should hate to leave you, and to lose all chance of distinguishing myself. What should I do without you to snatch hold of the reins when I am disposed for *cavorting*? You hold them tight, and now and then give a severe twitch."

"No indeed, we only go side by side, and encourage each other," said Julius, rising from the steps where he had been seated. "I have a letter to write for the next mail," he continued, "and you must excuse me for hurrying away."

"Strange that one younger than myself can have such influence over me," thought Martin. "I can't half understand it; yet it is irresistible."

Martin went to his room; wrote one note, — tore it to atoms: it was an insult rather than an apology. He wrote another, and still another. They would not answer. The fourth satisfied his own sense of what *ought* to be said, and yet seemed to him quite too humble. However, he sent it. In return, he received the following brief note: "Cadet Martin Hackerty's apology is accepted by Major —, who was himself somewhat hasty."

No further notice was taken of the affair.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SERGEANT MOSES, FAREWELL!

RUTH ROLAND TO JULIUS FARLEY.

"Elmlawn.

"I HAVE melancholy news to tell you, my dear Julius. Yet why should I call it melancholy? The good old Sergeant has triumphed over his last enemy, Death, and gone to receive his reward from the Great Conqueror of sin and death, who enabled him thus to triumph. I went to see him only a few days since. His more than threescore years and ten had scarcely bent his erect, soldierly form. His snowy locks fell about a face almost as fair as that of his own Nannie; for temperance and cheerfulness had there set their seal.

"He spoke calmly of his approaching dissolution; for although he was still able to sit in his arm-chair by the door of his cottage, he knew that his end was drawing near. He spoke of you most affectionately, my dear Julius, and fondly thought it was his influence and his drilling that made you a soldier.

“‘I have left my old musket and my captain’s sword,’ said he, ‘to my brave lad, Julius Farley. Say to him, he must keep them bright for my sake ; bright as his own honor, and clear from stain as his own conscience.’

“I was surprised at this glow of enthusiasm. It was like the last red glow of sunset. His love for you rendered the old man eloquent.

“He then gave some directions about Nannie, solemnly committing her to my charge.

“I left him with the sad conviction that I should never look in that venerable face again.

“The woman, who formerly came only at night and morning, to take care of the old man and his grandchild, had, for some time past, taken up her abode with them, and I knew she would nurse the dear old soldier tenderly. He passed away at last with a gentle sigh. The last words he uttered were, ‘Jesus Christ, the Captain of my salvation.’ Nannie is now with me. She mourns the loss of her grandfather. It is very sad to see the tears streaming from those sightless eyes, and the outspread hands unconsciously reaching after the hand that has so often led her faltering steps. My brother does everything in his power to comfort her. His delicacy

and tenderness towards her are quite remarkable. She knows his step, and brightens at his approach. Alas! she does not know why that step is at times an unequal one, for he is ever the same to her.

“O, my dear cousin, is it possible that this brother of mine, with this gleam of good feeling in his heart, can go on to destruction? His health must fail soon, for no constitution could bear the severe treatment to which his is subjected.

“Is there no way to save him?

“With devoted attachment, ever yours,

“RUTH ROLAND.

“P. S. You may give my *respects* to your good friend Mr. Hackerty. He deserves respect for having overcome faults and vices which, as a boy, rendered him unworthy of such a sentiment.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALLEGIANCE.

THE years glided away rapidly, and brought our young friends to the close of their fourth year.

“Only three weeks more, and we shall have done with the Military Academy of West Point,” said Martin. “I shall be sorry to leave, for these have been altogether the most pleasant years of my life. Heigh-ho! It is n’t as pleasant as I thought it would be to be a man; to be of age, once seemed to me the height of human felicity.”

The friends were strolling along one of their favorite walks by the side of the river.

“Come, Martin, let us rest under this tree, and have a good talk. Is n’t it a splendid view, — these mountains, with their rich coloring, crimson, purple, gray, brown, green, all blended together so harmoniously? See! there is Storm-King, there Black-Rock, there that magnificent river flowing on, flowing on forever, with this glorious sky overarching all!

Beautiful!" They threw themselves upon the grass, and Julius continued: "If that line, 'Look through Nature up to Nature's God,' had not been used ten thousand, thousand times, I should use it now."

"What an enthusiast you are, Julius! Sometimes I don't quite understand you. With your refined taste and love of the beautiful, you are not effeminate. With your deep religious feelings, you are not gloomy. You enjoy mirth and can join in our amusements with as much zest as any of us."

"Why should I not, when they are innocent? I used to be sad, morbidly melancholy at times; but then I was not strong and healthy. To my good uncle I owe — a kind Providence always understood — my present health and strength. He taught me to swim, to ride, to fence, and dear old Sergeant Moses gave me many lessons in drilling. There is no reason now why I should give way to moping melancholy or to snarling misanthropy. I am a man, to do a man's work in the world, and to do it heartily. But, Martin, there is something more required of us. If we were all body and no soul, we might make good working-machines; we might even make good soldiers for fighting."

"Well, what else do we need?" inquired Martin.

“Much more. We are immortal beings, as you know; we have our own souls to care for, and in time may have to look after the welfare of others. Who more needs to be prepared to give an account to God at a moment’s warning, than the soldier? Who is more in danger of forgetting all the good resolutions he has formed, than the soldier in camp? Now, Martin, I am not satisfied to leave West Point without becoming openly a professor of that religion which alone can make me fit to live and fit to die. Many times I should have spoken to you on this subject, but did not because I had not the moral courage. I was afraid you, like many others, might call it *cant*. The ring that my dear cousin Ruth gave me had for its motto, ‘Moral Courage.’ My finger has grown so large since she placed this ring there, that it presses into it, and I cannot remove it; whenever I feel the pressure, it is a warning to me that I am deficient in this quality.”

“You are superstitious, Julius,” said Martin, laughing.

“Not so; it is my conscience that hurts me; it is the outward pressure that suggests the reason for the conscience prick, — want of moral courage. I have long since resolved to come forward and acknowledge

myself a soldier of Christ, but have not had the courage to do so. Next Sunday the Bishop will be at our church for confirmation. I do not know that any one else is to be confirmed, but it is my intention, and Martin I wish you would join me."

"I can't go that!" exclaimed Martin. "I am not fit for it."

"Neither am I, if perfection were required. How infinitely far am I from it! But it is as a help to walking in the right way. I have looked into the matter earnestly and prayerfully. My mother instructed me faithfully on this subject, and I promised her solemnly that, through God's help, I would be a Christian."

"I believe you are; what else could have kept you straight all the way through these four years? Who else would have influenced me, borne with me, forgiven me, and loved me, as you have done? Who but a sincere Christian? I don't see, Julius, that there is any need of your coming out publicly to make a profession."

"I feel the need of it; and I am exceedingly sorry that, when I am not 'ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified,' you will not be with me, to take the vow 'manfully to fight under his banner, against sin,

the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end.' "

"It will not separate us as friends," said Martin.

"No, indeed," replied Julius, warmly; "you have done me a thousand acts of kindness since we have been here. How often have you shielded me from ridicule by your ready wit! How many times you have stood by me, when I found it difficult alone to stem the torrent of vice threatening to bear me away! Yes, we have stood shoulder to shoulder, and have gone heart and hand together; nothing but death can part us now. Our pledge at the beginning was 'for better, for worse.' I have not been all to you, Martin, that I wish I had been. Forgive me where I have failed in word or deed."

For the first time for years the eyes of Martin moistened with deep feeling. He hastily brushed away the tears, and exclaimed: "O Julius! don't say that! What have I to forgive? I never can express what I owe to you. Let us still be Damon and Pythias."

"Or David and Jonathan," said Julius, with a bright smile. "Do you remember how much you were amused when I chose David for my hero on my fourteenth birthday?"

"I do indeed, and how I ridiculed it; even then I had a respect for you, and was ashamed of myself."

"I copied out some stanzas of a poem the other day, Martin, for you. I think, if you realized what aid and comfort there is in prayer, you would avail yourself of it very frequently. I think nothing else is needed now to enable you to come out openly as a Christian."

"You think too highly of me, Julius; much better than I deserve," said Martin, seriously, as he took the copy of verses, and put it in his pocket.

"I suppose we all appear better to others than we do to ourselves," said Julius. "Come, it is almost time for evening parade, and almost our last parade here."

They sprang from the ground, and hastened away.

THE STANZAS

"To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all, below and above,—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer!

“To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

“To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

“Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow; —
O, what are earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

“Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends,
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's; his last words, prayer.

“The voice of prayer at the sable bier, —
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave,
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;

It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whispered, 'Thy brother shall rise again.'

"The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer than rose from this,
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

"Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length:
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise, —
To *Him thy heart and thy hours be given*,
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven."

It was the last Sunday that the class, about to leave West Point, would ever all meet together again in this world. Those strong, high-hearted soldiers, about to depart from the beautiful spot where they had been sheltered and nurtured by the paternal government of the United States, were all gathered to the house of prayer. Their allegiance to the government, their loyalty to their country, no one doubted. How was it with their allegiance to Heaven, their loyalty to God?

Some were present who had taken that oath of allegiance before men and angels; Julius now

came forward with a slow but firm step, and knelt at the chancel alone. There was breathless silence throughout the chapel. Scarcely a moment had passed when some one knelt beside him. Julius did not *know* who it was, but he *felt* in his heart of hearts that it was Martin.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NO. 1 AND NO. 5.

THE final examination of the class to which Julius and Martin belonged was over, and the report rendered.

It did not surprise any one but himself that Julius Farley was No. 1. Everybody (our readers included) expected it would be so. How could it be otherwise? He had been richly gifted with mathematical talent; but instead of considering himself a genius, and relying upon that for success, his application to that study, and all others required of him, had been constant and intense. His integrity of character, and habitual observance of all the rules of the Academy, had won for him the entire approbation of the professors, and every officer was ready to greet him as an honor to the profession. Among his classmates there were some who envied him; yet, on the whole, they concluded he might as well be No. 1 as anybody else. Why

not? He had never assumed any superiority over them. He had ever been polite and courteous. Moreover, he was never *mean*. If there was anything they detested, it was meanness. Julius Farley was generous and whole-souled. He was not self-indulgent; but when they needed aid, even pecuniary aid, he was ready to give it. Thus they reasoned, to Martin's great satisfaction.

When Martin received No. 5 as his grade, he was surprised, exceedingly surprised; he had expected 8 or 10.

"Why, Jule, my good fellow," said he, "I am set up for life. I shall have a fair start. My father, who has spared me from the farm when he really needed me, will be delighted. He was afraid to trust me at West Point, on account of my love of mischief and my fiery temper. If you hadn't poured on cold water, now and then, I should have burnt myself out of the Academy long ago. Hurrah for No. 5!" and Martin threw his cap in the air with proud exultation, and again shouted, "Hurrah for No. 5!"

"Lieutenant Martin, boyish as ever," said Julius, amused with his friend's violent demonstrations of satisfaction.

"Boyish as ever!" replied Martin; "I always mean to be a boy in some respects. Nothing will keep down my hilarity but misfortune or disgrace."

"I like to see you joyous and natural; you wouldn't be my Martin otherwise," said Julius.

"You are provokingly calm, especially considering you are first in our class."

"The honor is so much beyond my merit, that I feel humbled by it," replied Julius, with serious sincerity.

"In the words of an old play," said Martin, "'your modesty is a candle to your merit.'"

"My first thought, on the announcement of my success, was of my mother, as yours was of your father. To her I am indebted for my early training; for her sake, I tried to overcome my faults; for her sake, I studied; for her sake, I wished for success; and now that she is gone, and cannot be gratified by knowing that I have so far succeeded, I feel sad. How few there are to sympathize with me, either in joy or in sorrow!"

"Why, my dear fellow, you will be overwhelmed with congratulations. Then there is that dear witch of a cousin, Ruth Roland; her congratulations will be worth all the rest. I hope she will not despise

No. 5. Come, now, Jule ; hold up your head high, and receive all congratulations, real or feigned, as though you knew you deserved them. You are too humble by half. It is the worst fault you have."

A sad smile passed over the fine features of Julius as he replied : " You don't know the trouble I have to keep down the monster Pride from ruling and reigning in this wicked heart."

" You keep him as much out of sight as the Minotaur was in the Labyrinth," said Martin, taking him by the arm. " Come," continued he, " let us enjoy together, once more, the magnificent view from Fort Putnam."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A TRAITOR FOILED.

AMONG the Examining Committee at West Point was Major John Hillsale. He had gained much important information respecting Julius from various sources since they parted at the —— House, New York, but there had been no direct communication between them till they met at the examination.

When that was over, the Major warmly congratulated Julius, and expressed intense pleasure at the renewal of their acquaintance. It was not reciprocal. Julius had retained a very indistinct remembrance of a man who had addressed him on the steps of the hotel, and had acknowledged great indebtedness to him. So much was he occupied with the thought of the one whom he had really saved from the burning steamboat at that time, that he scarcely remembered the man whom he had aided in a desperate struggle to reach the shore. But here was the very man, claiming intimacy and professing friendship.

The Major solicited a private interview, and invited Julius to his room at the hotel. When there, he asked Julius to be seated, and then called for wine. When it came, Julius declined the offered civility, much to the surprise of Major Hillsale, who considered it an indispensable mark of a gentleman to drink *freely*, but not *intemperately*.

"What I am about to say to you is in perfect confidence," said the Major, holding up his glass and looking lovingly at its amber-like clearness and color. "I trust I may depend upon your honor, Lieutenant Farley, not to mention this conversation."

"Most assuredly," was the reply.

"I understand you are a native of South Carolina."

"I was born there ; my father was a Carolinian, I believe," replied Julius, much surprised.

"I am sure he was ; you ought to be very proud of your birthplace."

"My father died when I was very young. Was he a friend of yours, sir?" inquired Julius.

"I was not acquainted with him ; it is enough for me to know he was, like myself, a Carolinian, to secure my favor for you, even if I were not deeply indebted to you," said the Major in the most bland and insinuating manner.

"My mother was a native of Massachusetts," said Julius, with sparkling eyes and evident enthusiasm.

The Major raised the wineglass again, and examined its contents to conceal a frown.

"You are a Southerner by birth," said he, "and I trust the time will come when you will bravely acknowledge it."

"I did not deny it," replied Julius, calmly. "Pardon me, I do not understand why you attach so much importance to the fact of my Southern birth."

"The North and the South cannot always remain together as one country. There are distinct and diverse interests and institutions which will eventually lead to their separation."

"Never!" exclaimed Julius with extreme warmth. "Never! The thought is treason."

"I tell you, solemnly, that the separation must come, and when it does, I wish you to be on our side. You have property there; you would rise much faster in a Southern army; you would be among gentlemen by birth and education."

Julius's eye flashed angrily as he started up and exclaimed: "I belong to the United States of

America, and not to any particular State, be it South Carolina or Massachusetts. I owe allegiance to the government that has educated me, to defend it by arms against all assaults from foes without or foes within; and never, to my latest breath, will I prove false to my country."

"You are vehement, my young friend; the South is your country, — your very warmth proves it. And a beautiful country it is, genial and fruitful; not like the crabbed, frozen North, where men toil all their lives for a poor pittance, or get rich by penny-saving, by hook and by crook, — mean shopkeepers, — meaner mechanics. The aristocratic gentlemen of the South will claim you as their own; you have nothing in common with the low-bred, tinkering North."

"Sir, you forget that my sainted mother was a Northerner; I am at least gentleman enough to reverence her memory, and to feel indignant to hear my relations and friends spoken of in this contemptuous manner."

"Pardon me, I did not intend to speak disrespectfully of your mother. 'A noble mother must have borne so brave a son,' " said Major Hillsale, with a respectful bow.

"As for gentlemen, Major Hillsale, I should be proud to belong to the same class as John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett," replied Julius.

"Yet you must confess that Yankees, as a whole, are more mean, less hospitable, and less refined than your own people, the Southern born."

"I confess no such thing! I venerate the name of Yankee, and boast of it as did the Roman of old, when he exultingly cried, 'I am a Roman citizen.'"

"You are violent, young man. I thought you claimed to belong to the country, and not to any section," said the Major, tauntingly.

"I do so; the name of Yankee belongs to every one of my fellow-countrymen who deserves the honored name. You may boast of your *institutions*; sir, I blush for my country, when I think of *one* of them, — the dark blot upon our escutcheon."

"Young man, you are trespassing on forbidden ground," said the Major, passionately.

"The peculiar institutions of the South are as open to criticism as are the peculiar institutions of the North, — its colleges, schools, commerce, and manufactures," retorted Julius.

"Come, come, my young friend, be calm, listen to reason."

Julius dropped into the chair from which he had risen, and placed himself in the attitude of a listener.

“The government of the United States has been exceedingly oppressive to the Southern States ; these oppressive measures will in time become unendurable. The States whose interests and institutions are widely different from those of the North will be obliged to join together, and separate themselves, peaceably if possible, if not, by force of arms. This crisis must come. Our beloved statesman, Calhoun, heard ‘the rushing of the wings of time,’ and his prophetic voice sounded the alarm. That crisis is approaching. When it comes, you ought to be on the side of your native State. There you may rise rapidly in our army.”

“Sir, I cannot listen to you any longer,” exclaimed Julius, springing to his feet. “Is it possible that you, sir, on this very spot where you received your education as a soldier, gratuitously, from the best government in the world, — is it possible that, even here, you are plotting treason against that government? Have you forgotten the glorious deeds that united South Carolina and Massachusetts in our Revolution? Go to our Chapel, and see upon its walls the names of Marion and Sumter with those of their

brothers in arms and in heart, Warren, Lincoln, and Putnam."

"Those times have gone by ; we must act in the present. You are too warm, too violent," said the Major.

"Who would not be warm when tempted to be a traitor? Have you forgotten Arnold? On this spot you may well remember him. To what a glorious list are you adding your name, headed as it is by that of the arch-traitor, Benedict Arnold!"

"This is too much ; I but advocate the cause of truth and justice against wrong and oppression," replied the Major, rising, and looking fiercely at Julius.

"Sir," continued Julius, undaunted, "because a man should *fancy* that his mother was not well used by his father, should he murder his father, instead of seeking redress by law?"

"You put a strange, a strong case," said the Major, contemptuously.

"Not too strong ; for if that fearful time should ever come, when the two sections of our country are arrayed in opposition, it will be father against son, brother against brother. Horrible ! God preserve us from such an unnatural, such a diabolical

strife! Woe to the aggressors! Why, there would have been nothing like it since the rebel angels fell from heaven, and doubtless from the same cause,—ambition.”

Julius turned and left the tempter; like the seraph Abdiel,

“Unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
. . . . Nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST DROP OF BRANDY.

MARTIN HACKERTY TO JULIUS FARLEY.

"I AM sorry, my dear Julius, to break in upon your pleasant visit with a sad letter.

"I arrived at Elmlawn yesterday at noon. You know poor Tom sent an urgent request for me to come to him. Your sweet cousin Ruth met me at the door, and welcomed me in her own delicate, lady-like manner. She then led forward your favorite little Nannie, saying that I was a friend of her brother's. The child must be eleven or twelve years old, but she is very small. You remember her dark eyes and her lovely face. It surprises one to find that she is totally blind. The face was indeed lovely, and yet it is the saddest face that ever I looked at. The dangerous illness of Tom has doubtless given the expression of sadness, which, I believe, is not habitual. Strange! to this child Tom was human! even humane, kind! Let

us remember this when we think of the self-ruined man. What an inexpressibly mournful sight! A man just past one-and-twenty in ruins, — broken down, destroyed by dissipation! A man become a bundle of appetites and passions! Alas! such was Tom Roland.

“I went back in thought to the time when I first knew him, — a fat, merry boy of twelve, not destitute of good feeling, and professing a strong attachment to me. He was, even then, extravagantly fond of eating, and when you came to Elmlawn, two years after, he had, you know, become a complete gormandizer.

“But why do I linger over these reminiscences? I had come to witness the closing scene. I was shown into his room. I will not pain you, Julius, with a description of that frightful, bloated being. He knew me, and said, though it was difficult for him to articulate: ‘You’ve come. They tell me I am going to die; but I don’t believe it.’

“‘I am sorry to find you so ill,’ said I.

“‘Just pour out some brandy for me, and help yourself,’ he said, motioning towards a decanter on a table the other side of the room.

“‘I don’t drink brandy,’ I replied.

“ ‘They won’t give it to me ; but you will, Martin, I know you will.’

“ ‘I dare not.’

“ ‘Nobody will know it. I’ve sent my nurse away for a whole hour. Just a small wineglass full. If I am going to die, it can do no harm.’

“ ‘I was troubled. What could I do ?

“ ‘O Martin, please give it to me,’ he cried, with such a look of entreaty I could not resist it. I poured a wineglass half full, and asked if I should add water to it.

“ ‘No, no, clear ; give me the clear stuff,’ said he, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

“ ‘It seems his throat was badly swollen. He attempted to swallow the brandy, strangled, grew black in the face, went into convulsions. I attempted to lift him up ; he grasped my hand, and gave me such a look, — such an awful look ! Nothing on earth can ever blot it from my memory. I called in vain for help ; he died in my arms. He had gone to give up his account at the final tribunal !

“ ‘The nurse came in. I confessed, with agonized feeling, that I had hastened the departure of poor Tom. She said his physician had told him that morning that he could not live the day out. Still, it

will be a source of lasting regret to me that I gave him that brandy. He might have lived a few hours longer, and those hours were precious. May you never be called to witness the death of a drunkard! It is too awful.

“And now, Julius, come to your cousin Ruth without delay. She needs you to comfort and console her. Alas! what consolation can be offered? Such a life, and such a death! What can we do but try to banish Thomas Roland from memory! Thank God that we have not been drawn into the same horrible vortex, and perished like him! The funeral will be delayed till your arrival. I have taken lodgings at the hotel in the village, a mile and a half from Elmlawn.

“I have not seen Miss Ruth since the death of her brother. I cannot intrude upon sorrow so sacred. As I passed out of the house, I heard a low, sad wail, like the ring-dove’s distant cry. It must have come from poor little Nannie.

“Till I see you, and ever, my best friend,

“Gratefully and faithfully yours,

“MARTIN HACKERTY.”

Julius arrived in time for the funeral. A sad

funeral indeed, with few mourners ! There was no bitterness in the heart of Julius, as he stood by the grave of the self-destroyer, but pity and forgiveness. Yet he might have said :

“ This, this is the reward
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And *pamper* them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence ! ”

CHAPTER XXXI.

FINIS.

How strange that Tom Roland should have made a will! Yet he did so, the very day that he was twenty-one, and had it legally witnessed.

He left Elmlawn to Ruth, "because she had never scolded" him, and the remainder of his property to Nannie, "because she was blind and loved him," — he added, "the only being on earth that loves me." To Martin Hackerty, he left his watch and seal-ring.

Alas! there must have been times when the miserable young man was conscious that life was wearing away; doubtless he suffered intense agony from an accusing conscience, and struggled against his besetting sin without being able to conquer it. Too long had he been in the merciless grasp of intemperance; even with Death before his eyes, he could not free himself from the control of that insatiate monster.

Julius would have been glad to have been mentioned by Tom with at least one word of kindness. But Tom's heart was not softened and penitent

enough for that. The young soldier's example was a constant reproach to him, not to be forgiven.

Julius had been called away suddenly from the Leonardsons, but not before he had asked that the life he had providentially saved might be united with his own forever. When Julius had received his commission as first Lieutenant, Mary Leonardson became Mary Farley. And when time had softened the sorrow felt by Ruth, not for the loss, but for the sad, untimely death of her brother, she became the wife of Martin Hackerty.

Where now are the two soldiers?

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THE END.



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